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THE BEETHOVEN-BRAHMS CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL AT  
BONN.

BONN ON THE RHINE, May 27, 1897.

I would not have needed the special invitation which the Beethoven House Committee so courteously sent me to draw me from Berlin to the Rhine. I love my native river so fervently that almost any excuse will bring me to its beautiful, verdure clad, legend and romance echoing shores. But fear not, I am not going to try to rival Henry James, who has given to the world the most fascinating of Rhine descriptions that has ever been or ever will be written; my task can only be to jot down my impressions of the third chamber music festival, which in these last glorious, fine spring days has been held at Bonn, the native city of Ludwig van Beethoven.

It was Joseph Joachim with whom the idea of these Beethoven chamber music festivals first germinated, and surely no other artists than he and his associates were fitter or more intrinsically justified in reproducing at the home of the greatest of symphonic writers, and in the very hall hallowed by his name, those works of Beethoven in the grand interpretation of which the Joachim Quartet stands unsurpassed and even unrivaled in the musical world of our day.

Although chamber music, as its description indicates, is the most intimate of all musical entertainments, Joachim's idea has always been to bring it to the understanding and the enjoyment of larger circles. Thus he has labored in Berlin for many years with even greater, better and more encouraging results, and such was also his high aim in the establishment of the Bonn chamber music festivals. Two of these have taken place before since the creation of the Beethoven House Verein, and both were grand successes in the direction aimed at by the originator of the idea. Their scope, however, was confined entirely and exclusively to the chamber music of Beethoven, whose three periods of musical creativeness and his wonderful development they exemplified and brought to the keenest enjoyment and better understanding of many thousands of listeners, who had come on from all parts of Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England, and even the United States.

The present third chamber music festival was to have had a broader and more catholic program, in which, besides Beethoven, also those masters who led up to him, Haydn and Mozart—and likewise those who took from him their own paths of development—Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms, were to be represented by some of the best among their chamber music creations.

This plan had matured and the entire program had been laid out when the not unexpected but deeply affecting event of Johannes Brahms' death occurred. It could not but effect a deciding influence upon the scheme of the festival, which was to be made a commemorative one of Johannes Brahms. And in fact no other after-Beethovenian composer was so well suited to stand side by side with his great prototype as Brahms, who, with all due respect for the originality of his ideas, the austerity of his style and the characteristics of his own development, might in reality be called the only great Beethoven epigone, a self-confessed, even a self-conscious epigone of the master of Bonn. Also like Beethoven did he work in and for chamber music during the entire period of his creativeness, from the beginning to the end of his career.

Thus the works of these two great masters, whose names will in the hereafter appear in conjunction even more frequently than was the case heretofore, filled alone the five programs of the third Bonn chamber music festival, just as their strong and powerfully modeled busts appeared side by side in a densely foliated little arbor of laurel shrubbery at the back of the stage of the Bonn Beethoven Hall.

It is a homely old wooden concert room of fairly good proportions, but its greatest and incontestable charm is its superb acoustic properties, unsurpassed by any concert hall now in existence in Germany, and rivaled only by those of old Steinway Hall in New York, the disappearance of which is one of the perennial regrets of my life. Soon the Bonn Beethoven Hall will also pass out of existence, for it is growing old and perhaps a trifle unfashionable, or even not quite safe in its gallery structures. The entrance to a new bridge across the Rhine will take its place, and will wipe out of existence one of those buildings around which hover the most enthusiastic musical memories of my adolescence, just as in old Steinway Hall are concentrated

those maturer ones of my early manhood. Such places grow dear to a man's memory, like early loves, to which, according to the French proverb, one always returns if they are still in existence.

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The sentiment, not to say sentimentality, which took hold of me during the first evening of the festival was superinduced to a great extent by the solemnity, an almost sad solemnity, with which the proceedings opened. The first program was dedicated solely to Brahms, and was ushered in by a commemorative prologue, impressively spoken by Herr Bohné, first dramatic actor from the Cologne Theatre. The prologue was written by Hermann Hueffer, a relative of the late music critic of the same name of the London *Times*. As it is very beautiful I herewith reproduce it in the original:

PROLOG.

(Verfasst von HERMANN HUEFFER.)

Musik, Du Himmelstochter, hebre Kunst!  
Der Menschen holde Freundin, Schützerin!  
Ins Inn're Deiner hell'gen Schranken dringt  
Nicht Lärm des Krieges, der die Welt durchstößt,  
Nicht streitender Parteien Bürgerzwist.  
Doch was im stillen Grund der Seele ruht  
Und tief-geheimnisvoll die Brust durchzieht,  
Erschieszt sich Dir und giebt auf Dein Geheiz  
Was unaussprechlich ist in Tönen kund.  
Wer hoffnungsreudig Dir sich naht, der fühlt  
In dir des Daseins Fülle freudiger,  
Und wen die Sorge beugt, dem wiegest Du  
Den Sturm der Leidenschaft, der Sehnsucht Drang,  
Der Liebe Bangen, ja der Trennung Qual  
In süßen Harmonien tröstend ein.

Hier an den Rheines Ufern, wo Dein Sohn,  
Dein grösster Sohn, den ersten Tag erblickte,  
Wo Schumanns Asche unter Lorbeern ruht,  
Versammelt—heute nicht zum ersten Mal—  
Sich Deiner Jünger ungezählte Schar;  
Und freudig grüßen sie in diesem Raum  
Eries'ne Künstler, Deinem Dienst bereit,  
Und hohe Meister, die Du oft erwähnt,  
Der Welt zu künden, was Du offenbarst.

Doch ach, den wir vor allen heizt ersehnt,  
Der Meister, dessen Wort und F-undesrat  
Uns oft begeistert, dessen Feldherrnstab,  
Die ihm vertraut, stets zum Sieg geführt,  
Er fehlt uns heute, nur sein Bild von Stein,  
Die teuren, unvergessnen Züge schauen  
Aus dunklen Zweigen wehmutsvoll uns an.  
Nie wird die Lippe wieder reden, nie  
Dringt an das Ohr des Meisters, der die Welt  
Mit Wohlauft überströmt, ein Saitenspiel,  
Ein Ton des Dankes, der Bewunderung.  
Mit treuen Händen hettet' er den Kranz,  
Als er zum letzten Mal uns hier erschien,  
An der entschlafnen, edlen Freundin Bahre.  
Kein Jahr verging, und unter Kränzen' ruht'  
Er selbst, und trauernd senkten sie ihn ein,  
Wo Mozart, wo des grossen Ludwigs Staub,  
Wo Haydn, Schubert still die Erde deckt.

So schläft der Tote bei den Toten. Nein!  
Unsterblich lebt er mit Unsterblichen.  
Der Tonkuhs Banner, das in ihrer Hand,  
Wie einst die Feuersäule Israels,  
In groszen Tagen glorreich vorgeleuchtet,  
Von ihnen ward's in seine Hand gelegt,  
Die würdigste, das stolze Siegspanier,  
Das heilige, zu neuem Sieg zu tragen.  
So bleibt er ewig ihnen zugeseilt,  
Und seines Wesens edelster Gehalt,  
Sein Eigenstes, der Stunden Vollgewinn,  
Unaltern wirkt es unvergänglich fort,  
Der Todt nicht, der Zeit nicht unterthan.

Drum steht nicht länger zägend, seit getrost!  
Wenn auch geschieden, weil er doch bei uns.  
Gewaltig wird Euch seines Geistes Hauch  
In mächtigen Akkorden bald umwehen:  
Im Strom der Harmonien trügt er Euch  
Entzückt in jenes Zauberland, von ihm  
Ge schaffen, wo er herrscht, mit weisen Mass  
Dem reinsten Wohlklang tiefsten Sinn vereinend.  
Dann schlägt das Herz, dann schwillt Euch neu der Mut,  
Erinnerung zeigt Euch dankbar, was er war,  
Begeistrung kündet laut, was er uns ist,  
Die Trauer wird durch ihn zur Sei glich.  
Ein Requiem zum Auferstehunglied.

Musically the program opened with the A minor string quartet, one of the most inspired of Brahms' compositions, and though it is the second one from his two quartets, op. 51, it is by far superior work to its companion in C minor. It was written when Brahms was in the full possession of his powers, in the fortieth year of his life. It was some minutes after the appearance of the Joachim Quartet upon the concert platform before the applause with which they had been received had quieted down so far that the four artists could begin their performance. About the latter I can only repeat the praise bestowed upon it in one of my latest Berlin budgets, for the Joachim Quartet played this same work at the Philharmonie in Berlin at a Brahms Commemorative Evening not many weeks ago.

That the quartet sounded even better here in Bonn is easily accounted for, first through the elevated mood and festive spirit in which Joachim and his associates must have found themselves on this occasion, and the fact that for chamber music performances the Bonn Beethoven Hall is vastly preferable to the otherwise unexceptional Berlin Philharmonie. Again, I noticed with satisfaction that Professor Wirth played the important viola episodes in the quasi minuetto

most exquisitely, and the slow movement, one of the most melodic and inspired of all of Brahms' Saetze, was performed with the utmost sauvity, tenderness and feeling by the Joachim Quartet.

Karl Mayer, of the Schwerin Court Opera, a great favorite here from his former period of activity at Cologne, a brother of Mr. Ferdinand Mayer, of New York, sang the four "earnest" Gesaenge with great depth of sentiment, as befits the scriptural and musical contents of this last artistic legacy of Brahms. Some say that he wrote them in the cognizant anticipation of his own death; in fact, he wrote them shortly after his return from the funeral of his old-time, much cherished friend and admirer, Clara Schumann, who lies buried here at Bonn beside her husband. Be that as it may, these four ernste Gesaenge are the last of Brahms' compositions, and they are far superior in spontaneity, power and originality of conception to anything else he wrote in his last years. Karl Mayer's voice is sonorous and his delivery artistic, and, though he is in reality a baritone, he has the required bass depth and dark timbre for which Brahms has imagined them.

A stupendous piece of reproduction was Prof. Heinrich Barth's performance of the variations and fugue in B flat upon a theme by Händel. It is true from a pianistic viewpoint the Paganini variations are far more virtuoso-like and brilliant, but for a musician and musical thinker like Barth the more rarely heard Händel variations form a grateful task. There are perhaps too many of them and they are not all alike interesting, but as a whole the opus is one of the most remarkable specimens of Brahms' technical skill as a composer. The fugue especially is a most ingenious piece of construction, and under Professor Barth's unerring fingers in the clearest and most plastic exposition of the thematic workmanship it was tremendously interesting. Of course Professor Barth likewise scored a rousing success.

This was only the first half of the program, of which the second began with two vocal solo quartets from op. 64, *An die Heimat* and *Der Abend*, which I had never before heard. The second one is exceedingly stimmungsvoll and very effective in the voice leading. Both quartets were, despite their difficulty, sung with flawless intonation, and on the whole with a very pleasing Wohlklang by the solo quartet from the Berlin Royal High School of Music, the Misses Betei Schot and Else Tube and Messrs. Cornelius Bakkes and Ferd. Schleicher. Individually none of these four young singers seems to be possessed of a phenomenally beautiful voice, but for ensemble they have a well matched quality of tone. Also, although they are as yet far from being finished artists, they did very creditable work, but it did not quite reach the standard claimed for this festival.

The G major string quintet, one of the most serene and at the same time ripest of Brahms' compositions, formed the close of the lengthy program, and was most admirably performed by the Joachim Quartet, with the assistance of N. Koning, of Frankfort, who played the second viola part.

The second day brought a mixed Beethoven-Brahms program, the overwhelming mental preponderance of which, however, rested with the first-named composer. Of his two string quartets, the one in A major (the fifth one from op. 18) displays very little of the future Beethoven of the C sharp minor quartet. It is a work full of melodic charm of the Mozartean denomination, and in the variations which form the slow movement a Haydn-like Stimmung and sense of tonal beauty predominate. The work was performed with a great deal of refinement and accuracy by the Frankfort Quartet, the leader of which, Prof. Hugo Heermann, has repeatedly appeared at Berlin as a violin soloist and made a fair success. He is a good and refined musician, and he and his associates play with that finish and smoothness which the constant ensemble playing of such artists is bound to bring along. On the whole, however, I was a bit disappointed in their playing, for it lacked in breadth and tonal charm.

In both these respects the performance of the Cologne Quartet, with the eminent violinist, Willy Hess, as leader, was far more satisfactory. It is true they had a little slip up in the first occurrence of the E major Russian theme in the allegro of Beethoven's second (E minor) Rasoumoffsky quartet, but their reading was considerably more powerful and mentally broader, and though the work itself is incomparably more difficult than the A major quartet, the Cologne artists outdid the Frankforters in every direction, especially in tone volume and beauty. Both organizations, however, could not stand a comparison with the Joachim Quartet, which is at its best in the chamber music of Beethoven and Brahms.

Between the two Beethoven string quartets was placed the Brahms horn trio in E flat, a work for which the composer has always had a special fondness, which I can understand only as far as the contents are concerned. The Besetzung, however, will ever remain an incongruous and unhomogeneous one. A horn, be it never so well played, cannot blend well with one violin, even though that instrument be in the hands of a Joachim, and the piano clashes with both. Curiously enough Brahms in this horn trio gives very little solo work to the piano. The part, however,

was most musically performed by the English pianist, L. Borwick, who proved himself a chamber music player of the very first rank. Most admirable of all three artists, however, was Mr. Bruno Hoyer, of Munich, who played the difficult horn part without the slightest break or other disturbance, which so easily and almost unavoidably happens with this squeamish instrument. The finale especially, with its quick but very horn-like phrases, went exceedingly well and called forth deserved and enthusiastic applause. I heard this same performer at the festival of three years ago, when he took part in the Beethoven septet, and then called attention to his admirable qualities.

The vocal variety was brought into this lengthy program through the Lieder singing of Miss Margarette Kuntz and Mlle. Marcella Pregi. The former artist is quite young yet, and she jumped into the breach for Charlotte Huhn, who had originally been announced to sing at this festival, but who was prevented from appearing through illness. I am much afraid that Miss Huhn's singing days are over, and that she has utterly and irrevocably lost her once glorious contralto voice. It is ever thus, and will ever remain so, if a person has a good voice, but does not know how to handle it. The party will finally succeed in ruining it. Surely this will never be the case with Miss Kuntz, who is a pupil of Stockhausen. Her alto voice is one of the few that I ever heard that is equally beautiful in the high and in the low register. She sings with fine taste and musical intelligence, but as yet she seems to lack in warmth and that stylishness of delivery which comes with greater experience. Still, she was very successful with the public in the delivery of the following three well selected Brahms' Lieder: Sapphische Ode, O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück und Todessennen.

About Mlle. Pregi I have repeatedly written before. She is one of the most delightful soprano singers one can hear. Her delivery is inimitable, and her pure, bell-like, but soulful soprano voice of rarest charm. She gave us the Beethoven Mignon and Zaertliche Liebe, one of the master's weaker songs, which, however, was redemanded, and Brahms' Abend-dämmerung and his ever popular Staendchen. The latter she delivered with exquisite gracefulness and coquetry of diction.

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The third evening was more heavily laden with Brahms than with Beethoven, of whom only one song and the F minor quartet were on the program. The quartet, op. 95, is perhaps the most concise and most epigrammatic and at the same time one of the thematically richest of all of Beethoven's quartets. It winds up his second string quartet period, and it took twelve years (from 1810 to 1822), and not until after he had furnished the Missa Solemnis, before he resumed quartet writing. It is one of those works which do not pale on you by repeated hearing, and therefore I enjoyed its performance through the Frankfort Quartet, albeit the representation by no means exhausted the possibilities of this really genial (in the German sense of the adjective) work.

The F minor piano quintet by Brahms has lately been heard so frequently, especially in Berlin, that I need not here refer again to its qualities as one of the deepest and most characteristic works of Brahms. It was performed with great nobility of conception and in a technically flawless style by Borwick, with the Cologne Quartet.

While the invention in the piano quintet is mostly of that morbid, hard wrung style which makes Brahms so difficult to understand for the layman, and even the non-Brahmsite among musicians, the B minor quintet for clarinet and strings is one of the most melodious and in every way most happily invented of all of Brahms' works. It is a gem among the chamber music creations of all times, and its tonal beauty (Wohklang) is of incomparable greatness. It takes Richard Muehlfeld, the Meiningen clarinet virtuoso, together with the Joachim Quartet, to give as entrancingly beautiful and exquisite a reproduction of this Brahms *chef d'œuvre* as we enjoyed night before last.

Miss Kuntz's selection of Brahms' Lieder was this time

not quite so happy a one as on the preceding evening. There was not enough variety, or rather a certain sameness of character, in the four songs she gave. They were Der Tod, Das ist die Kuehle Nacht, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer and Alte Liebe.

Karl Mayer was far more successful that evening, albeit one of his Brahms songs, Feldeinsamkeit, did not at all suit his voice. In Der Verrath, however, he was quite dramatic and kept the dualism of voices, represented in the poem and likewise in the ballad-like setting of Brahms, well in the foreground. Auf dem Kirchhof was sung with a wealth of sentiment, and Beethoven's Die Himmel Ruhmen des Ewigen Ehre was delivered with so much breadth and with such pathos and volume of tone that it was most enthusiastically redemanded.

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The fourth and last of the evening concerts was devoted exclusively to Beethoven, and the right of way belonged exclusively to the Joachim Quartet.

The program contained three of the last five quartets—the E flat major one, op. 127, with its grand adagio, the most touching of all of the master's music, and with that retrospective finale which when you hear it for the first time sounds like a revelation. Then the F major one, op. 135, which seems like a step backward into one of the earlier periods of Beethoven's productiveness, but which is also one of his thematically clearest worked creations, and lastly and crowningly the C sharp minor quartet, the grandest and noblest of Beethoven's chamber music works.

The Joachim Quartet was during the early part of the evening not quite up to its supremely high standard. The intonation was not clean throughout; Joachim once got out entirely in the trio of the scherzo from the E flat quartet, and Wirth once brought an F in the humorous episode of Der schwer gefasste Entschluss, which put me entirely out of humor.

In the C sharp minor quartet, however, they "rose with their higher aims," and the performance was so abgeklärt and so full of plasticity and beauty that the audience at the close broke out into a perfect furore of applause and enthusiasm. Ladies jumped upon the chairs and waved their handkerchiefs and other paraphernalia and the gentlemen shouted themselves hoarse and clapped their hands till the Beethoven Hall seemed ready to tumble about our ears with the reverberations of the plaudits. No less than six times did the venerable Joseph Joachim and his associates appear upon the platform before the throng dispersed.

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The matinee of the fifth and last day of the chamber music festival brought, as is most always the case with matinees, and I may add in this instance luckily so, a program of much lighter calibre, denn dieser letzten Tage Mueh war gross, as old Wallenstein says in Schiller's drama.

We had a neat performance of the not very important Brahms E flat sonata for clarinet and piano by Messrs. Muehlfeld and Barth. Marcella Pregi sang Brahms' An ein Veilchen, Wiegenlied, Der Jaeger and Auf dem Schiffe, and for an encore she gave Meine Liebe ist grün. Professor Barth played the Beethoven thirty-two C minor variations in a style worthy of his great reputation as a Beethoven interpreter and a pianist of cleanest technic and clearest intelligence. The Brahms Liebeslieder Walzer was sung by the Hochschule vocal quartet aforementioned, while Messrs. Barth and Borwick performed the four hand piano accompaniment, and the whole festival closed with an excellent performance of Brahms' renowned string sextet in B flat by the Joachim Quartet, assisted by N. Koning, of Frankfort, second viola, and Fr. Gruetzmacher, of Cologne, second 'cello.

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The financial success of this third chamber music festival was equally as great as the artistic one, the Beethoven Hall having been sold out for the entire cycle of

concerts. As all of the artists who participated in the performances gave their services gratuitously a snug little sum of nearly 20,000 marks was netted for the fund of the Beethoven Haus. This latter no longer being encumbered with debts, the amount cleared by this festival will be destined for prizes for chamber music works, which is unquestionably a great encouragement to composers who intend to compete.

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Of musically interesting personages I met at this festival I may mention August Bungert, the composer; Felix Berber, concertmaster and violin virtuoso, from Magdeburg; Franz Wuelner, from Cologne; Dr. Erich Prieger, the great Beethoven connoisseur; Joseph Wieniawski, from Brussels; young Max Ibach, from Barmen; Willy Hess, from Cologne, and Jaques Rendsburg, my first and only violoncello teacher. I did not learn much from him, but that was not exactly his fault.

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Siegfried Wagner writes to me from Bayreuth under date of May 21 that the three Nibelungen cycles were sold out during the last fortnight, and he adds the remark: "Ein deutlicher Beweis für den Sieg ehrlicher Arbeit" (a clear proof of the victory of honest labor). Well, well!

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The whole Festversammlung is taking a pleasure trip up the Rhine in a beautifully decorated steamboat. I am sorry I cannot join them. I must get this letter off my hands and then take the train for Mannheim, where this evening takes place the first of the concerts of the Tonkünstler meeting.

O. F.

### M. Carlos Caceres.

PUPIL OF MADAME AMBRE-BOUCHÈRE.

THIS young baritone, whose unusual qualities as singer and actor have attracted much attention during the season's work of Madame Bouichère's operatic acting class, gave a grand concert the last of May at the Théâtre Mondain, Paris. He was assisted by eminent artists of the Opéra, Opéra Comique and theatres of the city, and the performance was one of the musical events of the season.

M. Caceres sang the grand air from Hérodiade, in the Rossini William Tell trio, valse and trio De la Grand Vé, a duo from Sigurd, couples from the opera Espagnole Marina, and two characteristic Spanish songs. In the couplets and valse he was accompanied by chorus formed of pupils of the school.

The house was crowded to overflowing, and applause was given such as the young baritone is accustomed to in the regular school audition.

M. Caceres is a native of Peru and belongs to an excellent family. As painter-artist, already known for his landscape and marine work, he was sent to Italy to study, and there began seriously the study of vocal music, and has been over a year pupil of the Bouichère school. He has already been offered engagements in France and Holland. A good musician, he plays well, and his baritone voice is vibrant, well placed, and full of fire and timbre. In his repertory (French and Italian) are Aida, Hérodiade, Sigurd, Trovatore, l'Africaine, Hamlet, Samson and Dalila, Lohengrin and Tannhäuser. Besides that he has an attractive repertory of characteristic Spanish songs which brings him in requisition in the salons here. He goes to Copenhagen next week for an engagement of ten concerts.

The Duke de Camevaro, the Peruvian Minister, was present at his concert. At the last public concert of the school M. Caceres showed his excellent musical and dramatic qualities in the three act duo from Sigurd, which was superbly given; in Hamlet, and as the Comte de Luna in Trovatore.



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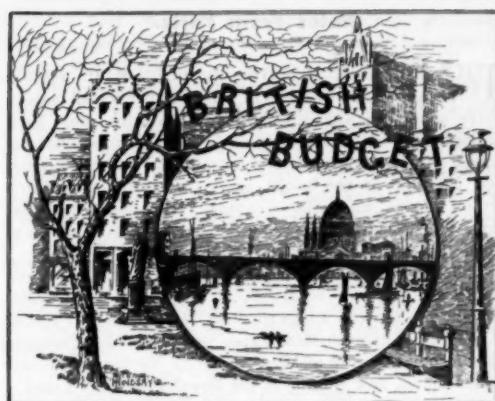
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LONDON, W., May 29, 1897.

THE prospective organization of a company called the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Limited, with a capital of £125,000, has excited much comment, and should the public take up the shares this new factor in the dramatic and operatic world will be felt. Mr. Arthur Collins, who has been stage manager for Sir Augustus Harris and otherwise assisted the late impresario, has been the active agent in working out the necessary preliminaries. He secured the option as early as January this year, and believes that there is no doubt but what the public will give the necessary support.

From the advertisement which appeared in the daily papers this morning I see that the company is formed to acquire a forty years' lease of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (average £6,000 per annum), and to carry on the business of theatrical proprietors upon lines similar to those which have been so successfully adopted at the theatre by the late Sir Augustus Harris. It has been arranged to purchase a large part of the costumes, properties, scenery, machinery, fixtures, furniture, and effects belonging to the theatre.

The theatre, fixtures, fittings, stage property and machinery have been valued as a going concern at £66,000. The theatre occupies a rectangular site of about 42,000 square feet, or nearly an acre of ground, has a seating capacity of over 3,500 persons, and at present rates is capable of earning about £650 per house. The consideration to be paid by the company is £85,000, to be partly taken in shares.

The executors of the late Sir Augustus Harris have furnished a statement of the amount of the gross takings at the theatre from the last two dramas produced by him and from the last two pantomimes respectively, which amount in the aggregate to £168,572 8s. 4d. A careful statement based on these takings and on the estimated receipts from the bars, advertisements and other sources, and upon the estimated outgoings, has been prepared by Mr. Arthur Collins and submitted to the directors, which shows that the profits should be sufficient to pay a dividend of 16 to 18 per cent. on the capital of the company.

The subscription list for shares closes on June 2, and if satisfactory, I understand that arrangements are well forward for a season of grand opera to open there on June 12. I shall be able to give full particulars in my next letter. Nordica, Melba and other artists have been approached on the subject.

M. Charles Gregorowitsch, the violinist, has arrived in London from New York, and will play at the Saturday afternoon symphony concert, in Queen's Hall.

The Misses Sutro will give a piano recital of ensemble music in St. James' Hall on May 31 at 3 p. m.

It is announced in the German papers that several of the letters written by Georges Sand to Chopin will shortly be

sold. From more points of view than one they promise to be interesting.

A delightful Anglo-American "at home" was given by Mrs. Victor Barff at 10 Redcliff street, Kensington, on Thursday. Miss Elizabeth Patterson, soprano, sang a group of songs. Mr. Ernest Gamble, the possessor of an exceptionally fine bass voice, sang three American ballads. Among those present were General and Mrs. Clark, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bowring, Miss Schenck-van-Wydeck, Colonel and Mrs. Godfrey Bird, Captain and Mrs. Mansfield Turner and Mr. Arthur Barff.

Frau Seidl Mair has been engaged to sing the part of *Isolde* at some of the performances of *Tristan* and *Isolde* this season.

Signor Leoncavallo's latest composition, *A Hymn to the Muses*, has been dedicated to M. Van Dyk. It may possibly be heard at a London concert during the course of the season or in the early autumn.

Our Brussels correspondent reports that both Eugène Ysaye and César Thomson have been engaged for a tour of the United States next season. M. Ysaye is to arrive on the other side of the Atlantic in October, and Mr. Thomson is to follow early in the new year. Each are reported to be engaged for 100 concerts at a net sum of £10,000.

Over £2,000 has been subscribed to the Sir Augustus Harris fund; £1,000 has been handed to the Charing Cross Hospital to endow a bed for the dramatic, musical and variety professions, and a permanent memorial is (by the sanction of the Duke of Bedford) being erected in front of Drury Lane Theatre, in granite and bronze, with a bronze bust of the late Sir Augustus Harris, which Mr. Thomas Brock, R. A., has undertaken. The base of the monument is to be constructed as a drinking fountain.

#### OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

M. Van Dyk was not able to take part in the performance of *Manon* on Friday night, so the role of *Des Grieux* was assumed by M. Bonnard, who proved an efficient substitute in some respects. The opera had a majority of French artists in its cast, and their natural delicacy and esprit were hardly appreciated by the English audience. There was little enthusiasm until the *Pré aux Clercs*, beautifully sung by Madame Saville, awoke a storm of applause. Thenceforward everything tended to most satisfactory results. M. Bonnard's best work was often very good, especially in the parlor scene, throughout which he shared the honors with Madame Saville, who still lacks impressiveness in her acting. Among those who contributed to the generally good performance were M. Plançon and Mr. Gilibert, while the work done by the orchestra, under Mr. Flon, showed an improvement.

A remarkably fine performance of *Lohengrin* on Saturday brought the first appearance this season of the brothers de Reszké and of Mr. Anton Seidl as conductor. Needless to say the house was filled in every part, and the old-time enthusiasm gave fresh assurance of the success of the season. Seldom do operagoers have the opportunity of listening to such an ensemble as Herr Seidl secured. Artists, chorus and orchestra worked together in perfect sympathy and apparent understanding with the most satisfactory results. Herr Seidl's success in getting the band under such complete control in so short a time shows conclusively his exceptional qualifications as a conductor. His wonderfully magnetic personality had its effect in inspiring all to do their best. Both the familiar preludes were given with admirable feeling and finesse, and throughout the playing of the orchestra was exceptionally good, the accompaniments being especially sympathetic. Madame Eames was in excellent voice.

Nothing but words of praise can be written of Mr. David Bispham, whose *Tetramund* was again convincing and well thought out. Miss Marie Bremé was the *Ortrud*, and Mr. Lemprière Pringle, as the *Herald*, completed the cast.

The other evenings have been given to repeats, *Aida*, Monday; *Romeo et Juliette*, Tuesday, and *Manon*, Wednesday.

day, with Van Dyk as *Des Grieux*; Carmen Thursday, and Lohengrin, again under Herr Seidl, with Macintyre to replace Madame Eames, last night; *L'Attaque du Moulin* for this evening, *Die Meistersinger* Monday, and probably *Die Walküre* for next Friday.

#### CONCERTS.

The first Richter concert of this season was inaugurated last Monday evening in a most brilliant manner in St. James' Hall, which was crowded in every part. The Beethoven *Leonora* overture, No. 3, which began the concert, and the Wagner *Meistersinger* overture, which ended it, like two great mountain peaks towered above the valley and tableland of the remainder of the program. Tchaikowsky's B minor symphony received the powerful and sympathetic reading that we are accustomed to hear at the hands of this master conductor, although technically there were a few flaws; for instance, the D sharp instead of D natural in the first bassoon part, where the flute and bassoon have that clever bit of imitation in the *moderato* *mosso* of the first movement. The violas were also one note behind all through the bridge-like passage which immediately precedes the return of the principal theme near the beginning of the last movement.

Some amusement was caused in the five-four movement by the fact that the conductor laid down his baton and left the orchestra to itself all through the movement. This neither proves that the conductor is an unnecessary evil, or that the orchestra accomplished anything marvelous, for it must be borne in mind that these same men played this symphony on tour with Dr. Richter last autumn nearly every night for some weeks. Brahms' very skillful and interesting variations on a theme by Haydn—by many considered Brahms' freshest and most spontaneous orchestral composition—received an excellent reading. The only novelty was Richard Strauss' tone poem, *Don Juan*, a work which the writer has heard before in other lands. So we speak with more confidence than if this were our first hearing. It is a work of startling brilliancy of orchestration, and one which if considered by the intelligence alone would pass for a very able delineation of the poem it tries to illustrate, as far as music is able to picture these things. Yet all that is musical in our nature protests against this kind of composition, which has no charm, sympathy or spontaneity.

The Queen's Hall Symphony Concert was devoted to the music of Wagner on Saturday, the anniversary of the composer's birth. The program included five preludes and the *Walkürenritt*, which was performed with such spirit that Mr. Wood caused the whole of his band to rise in response to the applause. Mr. Fröhlich, a young baritone, sang two airs from *Tannhäuser*, the *Evening Star* song being encored. For the final concert this season to-day part of the program has been chosen by *plébiscite*, the choice falling upon Tchaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique* and Beethoven's *Leonora* No. 3 overture.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert on Thursday night saw a very large audience, probably drawn by the soloists, Madame Albani and d'Albert. D'Albert played his second concerto in E, a work of tremendous technical difficulty, which the pianist, of course, overcame with ease, and Webster's *Concertstück*, after which he had three recalls, and finally gave as an encore a movement from a Beethoven sonata. Mr. Hamish MacCunn conducted his suite, *Highland Memories*, three charming little pieces, first given in London under Mr. Manns last March. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony in F, directed by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, was likewise in the program. Madame Albani sang a *scena* from *Don Giovanni* and the air *Omra mai fū*.

The famous Kneisel Quartet is with us again, and although concerts just now are so numerous, it is safe to say that few merit attention so well as those given by the four musicians from Boston. London is singularly blessed in the matter of chamber music, but such exquisite playing as that heard last Saturday at St. James' Hall is rare. The ensemble is absolutely perfect, the tone marvelously

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full and rich, and the delicacy of treatment rendered more exquisite by the power and strength which underlies it. It is difficult to avoid extravagance in speaking of their playing, and it is impossible to criticise, for faults cannot be found. The characteristics of Grieg's G minor quartet have been described as ugliness and noise, but the performance by the Kneisel Quartet would have made anyone withdraw so adverse a verdict. Strange, almost uncanny, was the first movement, and the whole had a flavor of superstition about it, but it was a gem. The Razoumowsky quartet of Beethoven and the quartet in E flat by von Dittersdorf, in the andante of which their richness of tone was particularly striking, completed the program. Two more concerts will be given on the afternoons of May 29 and June 9 and will not be missed by any who appreciate chamber music.

The program of d'Albert's second recital on the 21st inst. was seemingly chosen for the purpose of showing that he excels as much as an interpreter of Chopin as of Beethoven. The selections were sonata, op. 110, A flat, and op. 111, C minor (Beethoven), and six numbers from the works of Chopin. The ballade in G minor was superbly played; after the extremely tender singing tone with which he gave the principal theme, the brilliant passages following led up to an exciting climax, which was powerful to a degree.

Miss Ella Pancera, who gave a recital on the 20th inst., is a pianist of more than average talent. She plays with great virility of tone and conception, though by no means lacking delicacy and fine shading. She gave a fine rendering of Beethoven's op. 81, and her playing of the scherzo in C minor of Chopin was full of charm and grace. Tambourin of Rameau is a quaint little number, which was given with all the crisp neatness suited to the style of the composition. Oh, why did Brahms write twenty-four variations on a theme of Händel! And the next program contains those on a theme of Paganini, which are still a greater feat of endurance on the part of the listener.

Mr. Emile Sauret's concert in Queen's Hall on Monday evening was orchestral, Sir Alexander Mackenzie wielding the baton, and Saint-Saëns' violin concerto in B minor was on this program. At first there was uncertainty in the intonation, but it soon passed, and M. Sauret's performance well deserved the applause which followed. Later he was heard in an Elégie and Rondo of his own and in the familiar *La Fée d'Amour*, by Raff. Mr. Arthur Oswald sang Sullivan's *Thou'ret Passing Hence* and two songs by Mr. Sauret, and the band gave spirited performances of the overture to *Il Flauto Magico* and two movements from Sir Alexander Mackenzie's picturesque suite, *From the North*.

Mlle. Irma Sethe gave a concert in St. James' Hall last Monday, with an orchestra conducted by Mr. Gustav Ernest. Her fine technic and broad style enabled her to do justice to the solo part in Max Bruch's violin concerto in D minor, in the final movement of which her execution was remarkably fine. Saint-Saëns' work in B minor she played with much artistic feeling, and at the close this talented young violinist was recalled several times. Her solo pieces comprised a prelude and fugue by Bach, Wieniawski's *Airs Russes*, and a movement by Mr. Ernest. Weber's *Oberon* overture and Grieg's *Peer Gynt* suite, No. 1, were played by the band and Miss Maude Danks was the vocalist.

On the 24th inst., in the Salle Erard, Miss Elsa Ruegger, a young lady of barely fifteen years of age, was heard on the violoncello. She is an artist of great promise; a warm and intense tone, facile technic and musical phrasing of rare rhythmical instinct are her happy possessions; she is free from affectation and sentimentality, but there is plenty of beautiful and sound sentiment in her conception of what she played. Her program included a concerto of Lindner, Kol Nidrei (Max Bruch), Sonata No. 6 (Boccherini), and selections of Bach, Schumann, and Popper. Miss Ruegger was assisted by a Russian singer, M. de Konschin, who gave three songs of Rubinstein in the original language. His singing is not without charm, and when he sang in French we could the more appreciate his style and his excellent pronunciation of this language.

M. Dalcroze's first concert on the 14th inst. in Steinway Hall augurs well for the two which are to follow. These concerts are principally for the purpose of making the concert giver's compositions known in England. Friday evening was devoted to smaller works for piano, violin and

voice. It would therefore not be possible to form a final opinion as to the position his work is destined to occupy. What we heard was pleasing, refined and not without originality; it was decidedly of the French school.

At Mme. Blanche Marchesi's last recital, on the 21st inst., repetitions of well-known songs of Brahms and Schumann principally made up the program. Fata Morgana (Goldmark) opened interestingly enough, but was too long. It was dramatically given, but this would be a difficult song for singers of less power than Madame Marchesi. Frühlings Werbung (Blumenthal) is a charming composition. Of the group of French songs, Les Berceaux (G. Fauré) was the most beautiful. Madame Marchesi should have given us more of her French repertory. Dans le Printemps de Mes Années (Garat, 1764-1823) was Marie Antoinette's favorite song; apart from this it has no merit.

Mr. Van der Straeten gave two concerts on May 5 and 19 with interesting programs. The works performed consisted

principally of compositions for viola di gamba, viola d'amore and the lute, and as these instruments are now rarely heard in public, they were quite a novel treat. Mr. Van der Straeten was ably assisted by Messrs. G. St. George, H. St. George, Sherlock and Bonawitz. Both concerts opened with compositions by Kühnel (Serenade and Echo) for violas di gamba and an admirable piano accompaniment, and among the other works performed may be mentioned for viola di gamba: Tartini's Adagio, Marais' Adagio, Bach's Lento and Allegro, Van der Straeten's Gavotte and Idyll, and H. St. George's Suite, a charming composition, which showed off the instrument to advantage; for viola d'amore: Ariosti's Sonata, Rust's Sonata, G. St. George's Albumblatt and Menuet; for viola d'amore and 'cello: Rust's Adagio and Rondo; and for violin and viola di gamba: Rameau's concerto and other pieces. Mr. Bonawitz contributed compositions by Bull, Rameau, Grieco, Pasquini and Händel, and as an encore a nocturne of his own composition.

Miss Clara Butt's recital on the 19th inst. attracted a brilliant audience, immensely interested in the progress which the favorite contralto had made in Paris. She gave one encore, a composition of Bemberg, accompanied by the composer, and this was perhaps, artistically, the most free. A voice like hers necessitates an ambitious choice of song, and some of those on the program can only give full satisfaction from a singer who has with artistic experience also gained the serious lessons of life's joys and sorrows. She sang *Divinités du Styx* and *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, *A Voice from the Spirit Land* (Mrs. Clara Novello Davies), *Amour Viens Aider*, *Samson and Dalila* (Saint-Saëns), and the *Voice in the Ballade du Désespéré* (Bemberg). There was quite a galaxy of artists to assist her; Madame Rebna, who made her first appearance here, is a singer of great refinement, and her artistic attainments are very remarkable. She sang *Liebestreu* and *Meine Liebe ist Grün* (Brahms). These are two songs which really stamp an artist as such; many attempt them, only few can sing them well, and Madame Rebna is among them. Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Norman Salmon, Miss Isaacs, Mr. Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Hollman contributed their share, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Lily Hanbury recited.

Last night an orchestral concert was given by Mme. Dory Burmeister Petersen in St. James' Hall, and proved a tremendous success. Her playing is sympathetic, artistic and most intelligent, and her technic is all sufficient. Two American composers figured on the program. Mr. Burmeister's concerto, which this pianist introduced to London some six years ago, was very well received, the fact of its being unconventional in form adding to its success, and Arthur Foote's melodious and effective *Andante* and *Gavotte* from a suite for strings formed one of the orchestra numbers. After Liszt's concerto in E flat Madame Burmeister was greeted with an outburst of enthusiasm, recalled to the platform several times, and finally obliged to play an encore, Liszt's *Liebestraum*, after which the applause was again renewed. The orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Georg Henschel, played the accompaniments effectively.

F. V. ATWATER.

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## Notes From Paris.

MAY 8, 1897.

THE last musical soirée given by Mme. Renée Richard as an audition of pupils of her school was in every sense an attractive and praiseworthy one. Most praiseworthy of all was the visible growth in educational power of this young professor herself, who but a few years ago was one of the bright particular stars of the Paris Grand Opéra, and who voluntarily renounced personal fame and plaudits for the more exclusive satisfactions of home life and private studio.

The program was a varied one, including with the regular pupils the services of artists of the Comédie Française, Covent Garden and Liège theatres; the celebrated Italian mandolinist quartet Mezzacapo, here with the Tamagno Otello company, and of Mlle. Glaize de Vérine, a graduate of the school, now singing in the Royal Theatre of Liège.

First of the attractions, however, was the singing by the popular Renée Richard herself of the Queen (*Hamlet*) aria and characteristic French songs, accompanied by the composers. Applause was electric. So impressed by her talents as teacher and singer was the Princesse de Rohan, who was among the guests, that leaving her seat she went to the footlights and expressing her compliments clasped an exquisite bracelet upon the singer's arm.

Many of the pupils showed special dramatic endowment, notably a Mlle. Rivés in a scene from *La Navarraise*, which surpassed the representation of many professionals. A Mlle. Luziny in the *Mignon* Styrienne and in the *Manon* death scene; Mlle. Léonard, a mezzo soprano, in an *Alceste* air; Mlle. Aliberti, Mlle. Marcay, Miles. Cushing, Eymery, Del Bernardi, Fleuriot, Lotar-Gilliard, Desportes, Van Donghen, Colombet, Briska, Madame Chevalier—all did more or less honor to their training and deserve more than passing mention. The theatre was crowded and a handsome collation and reception closed an exceedingly agreeable evening.

*Annuaire de la Musique pour 1897*, a valuable volume devoted to music and musicians, is published by M. Baudouin-la-Londre, director of the well-known *Journal-Musical*. Practical information of various kinds may be found within the covers, all admirably and concisely put, with several portraits—Dubois, Tinel, Scharwenka, &c. The Conservatoire, Institute, places of amusement, books, as well as record of the current musical journals of the day in both hemispheres, are also included in this miniature musical encyclopediad.

Madame Torrigi-Heiroth, the prima donna and vocal teacher, leaves Paris in July to commence her duties as professor in the Conservatoire at Geneva. In a characteristic letter responding to the invitation to preside over the class of a "special French school," Madame Heiroth wrote that there was no "French school"; that the school of singing was the art of singing.

At a little farewell musical given this week Mme. Pauline Viardot, whose pupil Madame Heiroth is, had the great amiability to assist, playing the accompaniments of her compositions sung and played on the occasion. La Marquise, Les Trois Demoiselles and Grands Oiseaux Blanches, three exquisite songs by Viardot and all the vogue here at present, were delicious as any by Madame Heiroth and her pupils. The teacher sang also the Gounod *Ave Maria* and the grand aria from *Traviata*. A charming little play by a dramatist present, interpreted by two Russian society ladies, violin solos and recitations varied the entertainment, saddened otherwise by adieux.

A mark of musical courtesy by Madame Viardot on this occasion must go upon record in a day when such delicacy is, alas! too rare. Arriving at the studio a little late, one of the pupils was in the midst of a song, and Madame Viardot would not permit the butler to open the door, but remained in the hall until the song was finished. That is to say, one of the greatest artists the world has known, a member of a family of great artists and one of the best loved and most feted of present day Parisiennes, would not allow the singing of a modest pupil in a modest studio to be disturbed by the opening and shutting of a door and an entry into a room.

"Why that is not courtesy," she said, laughing, her wonderful face lighting up with surprise when the fact was remarked to her. "I could not, why I could not—how could I?—any more than I could thump down with all my



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might a false chord on a piano on which an artist was playing, or draw a brush across the easel of a painter at work. I could not!"

This anecdote should be picked out from here, printed in inks of all colors, and printed simultaneously and consecutively every day for the next year in all the newspapers of all the countries—and not only in America, famed for its rudeness, but in exquisite, elegant Paris, whose only one rudeness is shown toward music by talking in the halls (and everywhere else) always during music, by dressing during all finales, and by marching into musical gatherings, unless kept out by bolts and police.

(There are three exceptions to this condition of things in Paris, which will be told of latter in a letter treating solely this most damning of all evidences of an absolutely unmusical spirit.)

Another interesting souvenir of Madame Viardot on this same occasion was her very evident and sincere pleasure on hearing of the excellent work being done in New York by one of her representative pupil teachers, Mrs. Katharine Evans von Klenner.

"I don't know that I ever had a pupil who changed so much for the better in musical thought during the few years that passed between her first work in my studio and her return a year ago. It was like a soul transformed into serious and just comprehension of music as a serious art. I always appreciated her talents, but I was more deeply impressed by her development. I am delighted to hear such good news of her."

Mlle. Edith Wehner is one of the promising pupils of Madame Marchesi's concert class. Tall, slender blonde, with mobility and expression of feature, she is to show what she can do vocally in the coming concert of the school to be given in the Salle Erard early in June, and where she is to sing a Händel aria from Serse and Massenet's *Elégie*, likewise, with 'cello obligato. Miss Wehner is a good musician, having studied piano in Germany before coming to Paris to study singing, a course which cannot be too highly commended to singers (that is, the study of music, no matter where). She is studying singing in French, Italian and German, the latter being in a sense a gift with her, she being of German parentage. She studied singing with Mme. Blanche Marchesi before entering the Marchesi school. Her mother is here with her.

Mrs. Anna Thompson, whose card may be found elsewhere in this paper, has had a number of flattering offers of engagement, but is doing battle with her enemy, bronchitis, from which it is to be hoped she may soon come out victorious. She has a lovely voice and is one of the most piquant and engaging of women. She has a range of three octaves, with great facility and good repertory.

Among music lovers in Paris is Miss Blackstone Freeman, grand-niece of the great "Blackstone," whose studio in the Avenue d'Eylau is the scene of many charming musical reunions. At a recent one of these was the unique performance of the Faust finale trio, sung by three men, Mr. Meehan, the boy soprano, as *Marguerite*; M. Rivière, of the Opéra Comique, as *Faust*; Mr. Percy Jackson as *Mephistopheles*, and Mme. Marie Rose conducting. It was sung with fire and spirit. A curious phenomenon was the singing by two boys of twenty-one—the voice of one deep, rich and full as the rolling of the ocean, the other that of a young girl. There was great enthusiasm of course, and the piece was repeated several times. All the smart set of Paris were present.

Miss Stanley's (of St. Louis) home here is 78 Rue Longchamps.

People coming to Paris for the summer should not fail to visit the lovely summer home of Madame Salomé in St. Germain en Laye. A few minutes' ride from the city, you cannot do better than make Exposition arrangements now, even if you do not stay this year. In any case the visit to the Forest, the Terrasse, Louis XIV.'s birthplace, and the chateau will repay you, not to speak of the air and landscape, which you must go far to find elsewhere.

An interesting American concert given here this season was that of Mr. Gustin Wright, organist, pupil of M. Guilmant; Miss Alice Coard, pianist, also studying with M. Guilmant; Miss Rennison, soprano, and Mr. Frank Preisch, singing pupils of M. de Trabadelo, of whom mention has often been made. At home Miss Coard is a piano pupil of

Dr. Wm. Mason, of whom she cannot too highly speak as teacher and friend. She expresses the deepest gratitude for what he has done for her. It must be added that her playing was sincerely commended by serious French pianists present.

Mr. T. Adamowski is announced for a concert to be given to-morrow evening in the Salle Erard. Readers will remember the enthusiastic reception accorded this debonair young gentleman last year in Paris. Beethoven sonata No. 12, variations by Paganini-Gorski, Paraphrase of Meistersingers (Wilhelmi), Rondo, Capriccioso, Saint-Saëns and a Spanish symphony by Lalo are on the program. He will be assisted by a talented pupil of the Marchesi school, Miss Blanche Peacock (Mlle. Sylvana), who, noted for the superiority of her French diction, will sing several ballads.

On the occasion of a recent *Figaro* salon most enthusiastic eulogies are addressed by general criticism to the declamation of M. Léon Jancey, the well-known professor of diction. M. Jancey had the good fortune or grace to recite a fine poem, *Le Soldat*, written by the Duc d'Orléans in honor of the memory of the Duc d'Aumale. Nothing could have been more effective or fitting, and the opportunity gained much by the grace and skill of M. Léon Jancey, past master in this art. His place in American esteem was referred to by the French papers.

M. Jancey, by the way, goes to America again this season, to Newport first and to New York in September. Classes to be formed as last year.

A composer-organist well loved by American musicians is M. Henri Deshayes. In his salons, 10 Avenue de Versailles, was given this week an interesting audition of a few of the best pupils of the master; for between other musical duties he teaches piano, organ and harmony—excellently well too. Works of the best composers were interpreted by the young people with the care and true art modesty which govern the too modest household. Among other things were given the Mendelssohn trio for violin, 'cello and piano. A Russian violinist of great talent, M. de Zenzinoff, gave the violin part masterfully. Mlle. Marguerite Deshayes, a violoncello artist, by the way, who possesses wonderful charm in her treatment of this instrument, and is well versed in its technics accompanied, while a piano pupil of the master on both piano and organ, Mr. Adrien de Clercq interpreted the piano score.

In addition it must be stated that two charming piano compositions by M. Deshayes have just been printed by Richaud's publishing house. One, a waltz dedicated to his daughter, is entitled *Marguerite*, the other a mazurka, *Lily of the Valley*.

No end to praise of Miss Rose Ettinger as the coming singer, and the present singer in fact, the result of her successful Berlin appearance. The facts of the case alone, without any statement of opinion, are voluminous and sufficient to mark the début of this very young lady as a musical event. It is seldom that the press notices of the début of a young American student in Berlin form "brochures." Such is the fact in this case, and to the "new lyric star" welcome and all hail!

Mlle. Théa Dorré, another American girl by the way, who has made a name in Italy and had a recent success in Marseilles, France, passed through Paris this week on her way to London. Mlle. Dorré has wonderful native talent, temperament and beauty. *Carmen* is one of her representative characters. She studies in Milan and Naples with Dini and Carrelle. She is well known in America, and will no doubt be invited to shine there one of these days. Mlle. Dorré shows good sense in not even attempting to sing in French, an example which cannot too fully be followed by the present generation of American singers.

A Brazilian composer is the latest importation of talent in the capital. Mr. Henri Oswald is no farceur in art, but a serious, very serious creative musician of both talent and interest. An almost impromptu presentation of a few of his writings this week has met with the respect and attention of the best French critics, and assuredly on his return next year Mr. Oswald may be assured of something more weighty than pleased surprise from the French. He is a skilled pianist, too, who can interpret his thoughts. He has made his studies in Italy. Although a patriotic Brazilian, proud and appreciative of his country, he feels the restrictions of art development there as yet. He mourns

the too great tendency to "specialism" in musical education and the variety of teachers that under the system would be required to make a musician.

With all due deference to Mr. Oswald and to the artistic intent of his observations, it must be said that there are worse things in art to-day than—specialism. One may be infinitely better prepared to pass into the hands of a Saint-Saëns for having passed first through the hands of a Virgil.

Mlle. Febéa Strakosch, daughter of Mr. Ferdinand Strakosch, the impresario, is singing this week with great success in Spain, after having closed a successful engagement in Holland.

Miss Maud Roudebusch (Mlle. Roudé) has been engaged to sing at Covent Garden. This is one of the most enterprising and talented of "our girls," and merits the success she is having. She is delighted with the *mise-en-scène* of the theatre, especially of *Aida* and *The Huguenots*. Congratulations!

Mlle. Francisca, of San Francisco, sang in a concert given here by M. Joseph Hollman, MM. Pugno, Coquelin and Boëllmann being likewise on the program. It goes without saying that the beautiful blond American who so favorably impressed the people of Monte Carlo had a legitimate success in this concert. She sang an aria from *Traviata* and Proch's air and variations.

Miss Jeannette Durno, a piano pupil of Leschetizky, has been in Paris, en route for London, the musicians' Mecca at this season.

The name of Mr. Augustus Hyllested has been almost weekly in the pages of London musical papers, noticeably the London MUSICAL COURIER, for some time as pianist and composer. Not being on the scene we can only express pleasure at seeing signs of his musical activity. His symphony is called long by some, but its good qualities are likewise praised, and even a composer may take a hint to increase without harming the attractiveness of his composition.

#### Science versus Guesswork.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY writes: "The saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is, to my mind, a very dangerous adage. If knowledge is real and genuine I do not believe that it is other than a very valuable possession, however infinitesimal its quantity may be. Indeed, if a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?"

If Mr. John Howard had even an infinitesimal quantity of real knowledge of the histology and anatomy of the vocal instrument or the fundamental principles of acoustics, especially those which govern the action of string and reed instruments, he would not find himself in the unenviable position which he now occupies.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to answer any article written by a man so well and unfavorably known as Mr. Howard is in musical circles. It is probably futile to argue with a man who has no real knowledge of the subject under discussion. But for the sake of the few who may be misled by the specious arguments which he puts forth it seems best to answer them. The architect or builder must have some real knowledge of the physical properties of the materials he is to use in the construction of a building, and know for what particular purpose the different materials are specially fitted. He must know, for example, that he cannot build the foundation of a house with shingles and the roof with stone and have a substantial structure.

It is just so with the man who would build a substantial theory of voice production. His foundation must be firm and solid—that is, his premises must be true. Then he must be able to demonstrate every step which he takes in the evolution of his theory and give good reasons therefor. His conclusions then will be true, and his theory can be put into practice with a certainty of producing good results. In order to formulate a theory of this kind one must have some real knowledge of the physical properties of the structures with which he has to deal.

This knowledge will often prevent him from making serious mistakes in determining for what special purpose the different parts of the vocal instrument are intended. The subject naturally divides itself into two parts, first the consideration of the structures which originate the air



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waves or the vibrato, and second the structures which reinforce these air waves after they have been started, or resonance. Nearly all writers on this subject agree that the vocal cords originate all of the air waves of which the voice is composed. The fact that voice can only be produced when the vocal cords vibrate might be sufficient to convince most of us on this point.

This does not seem to satisfy Mr. Howard, however, so we will have to go into the subject a little more fully. What peculiar property of matter is it which gives to any substance its special value as a vibrator? I think even Mr. Howard will admit that it is elasticity. Elasticity is the property owing to which bodies resume their original form or volume when the force which altered that form or volume ceases to act. Take, for example, the vocal cords. When tone is produced the vocal cords first come together and close the chest cavity. The pressure of the breath forces them up until they open and allow a little puff of air to escape. The pressure then being relieved, by virtue of their elasticity the cords swing back again, not only to their original position, but beyond it. Breath pressure and elasticity again come into play and swing the cords once more past the starting point, and so on indefinitely.

It is this motion to and fro past a certain point that we call vibration and the body which moves is called the vibrator. It is the vibration of the vocal cords which sets up all the air waves of which the voice is composed. We can now understand why a substance to act as a vibrator must be elastic. The vocal cords must be very elastic, because they must yield to slight pressure and then immediately regain their former position. To get an idea of how elastic they must be to do this it is only necessary to consider that to produce a high C they have to make 512 complete oscillations per second. All bodies have a certain amount of elasticity, but the limit of elasticity of all structures in the human body is very small with the exception of yellow elastic tissue. Gottheil tells us that "yellow elastic tissue is found wherever in the body elasticity and strength combined are required." It is found, for example, scattered through mucous membranes, the skin, the ligaments which bind the vertebrae together, but not in muscles or fascia.

Mr. Howard tells us in one place that there are no vocal cords and in another place that the cords are made up of muscular tissue, with a very thin layer of fascia. One assertion is equivalent to the other, because vocal cords made up of muscle and fascia could not act as vibrators on account of their inelasticity. Now what do some of the histologists and anatomists tell us about the vocal cords? Quain's Anatomy, which is the latest and probably the best work extant, says: "The inferior thyro-arytenoid ligaments (not muscle) are formed of closely arranged yellow elastic fibres, which are attached in front to the middle of the angle between the alae of the thyroid cartilage and behind to the anterior projection of the base of the arytenoid cartilages. The inner edge of each ligament is free and sharply defined between these attachments and, covered by mucous membrane, forms the true vocal cord of its side."

In speaking of the vocal muscle, Quain says: "They (the muscular fibres) are joined internally by short fibres, which are attached in front to the vocal chord and behind to the vocal process of the arytenoid." Bosworth, one of the latest authorities on diseases of the throat, says: "The vocal cords are two stout fibrous bands, composed of yellow elastic tissue. A cross-section of the vocal cord shows it to be a triangular prism, the apex of which presents to its fellow. The base presents outward and affords attachment in the whole length to fibres of the thyro-arytenoid muscle." A very good description of the diagram which seems to cause Mr. Howard so much mental agitation. Piersol, one of the latest authorities on histology, says: "In the true vocal cords almost the entire membrane consists of longitudinal bundles of yellow elastic tissue. These cords therefore are folds of the mucosa, composed principally of elastic fibres with some fibrous tissue." No mention of muscle tissue here.

Of fascia he says: "It is composed largely of white fibrous tissue, which is not elastic, while the vocal cords are composed of yellow elastic tissue."

Klein, histologist, says: "Elastic fibres are not commonly met with in tendons and fasciae. In the true vocal cords the mucosa is entirely made up of elastic fibres running in the direction of the vocal cord." Foster, our best authority on physiology says: "The inferior or true vocal cords are membrano-ligamentous bands which stretch across the cavity of the larynx." Henle describes them as made up of bundles of yellow elastic tissue, as do all the other authorities which Mr. Howard mentions. Schäfer says: "The true vocal cords are composed of fine elastic fibres." I might go on quoting indefinitely from the authorities on this subject but that is unnecessary.

Mr. Howard has, purposely or otherwise, mistaken a discussion of the sarcolemma for a discussion of the vocal cord. The sarcolemma is described by Quain as a "soft, transparent, elastic membrane inclosing the muscular fibres. This membrane is so thin that it is difficult to render it evident." The vocal cords are folds of the mucous

membrane with an extraordinary development of yellow elastic tissue, and have nothing to do with the sheaths of muscle fibres. These "departed experts" certainly would be surprised to see their discussion of the sarcolemma switched over to the vocal cord. If, as Mr. Howard says, the vocal cords are composed of muscular tissue, why do they appear white (they are yellow under sunlight) under artificial light, while all other muscular tissues are red under the same light?

I think we will be obliged to agree with the anatomists and histologists that there are such things as vocal cords, and that they are made up of bundles of yellow elastic tissue which make them specially well fitted for the work they have to perform. On the contrary, Mr. Howard declares that the vocal cords are composed of muscular tissue, which, as we have seen, is a false premise. Let us now follow up Mr. Howard's theory and see how this false start brings him into all sorts of difficulties. He now reasons if vibration of muscular tissue in this location can originate air waves, why cannot vibration of muscular tissue in other localities do the same? He answers this question in the affirmative, and goes on to tell us that vibration of the muscles of the tongue, soft palate, pharynx, jaws and cheeks can originate air waves. He tells us that vibration of the vocal muscle produces the fundamental tone, while the overtones are produced by vibration of the extrinsic muscles.

The condition which is necessary to make these muscles vibrate is tension, and the more tense these muscles are the more vibration you get, and every time you get an additional extrinsic muscle tense enough you add an overtone to the voice. Now this is a very pretty theory, but it does not happen to be in accord with the facts, and there are many puzzling things to be explained before it can be accepted. How is it that these extrinsic muscles, which are many times longer and heavier than the vocal muscles, produce tones which are higher than the tone produced by the vocal muscle? The first overtone of the voice is the octave of the fundamental, while the seventh overtone is three octaves above the fundamental. I am afraid these extrinsic muscles would give undertones (unknown in physics) instead of overtones.

Mr. Howard's chief aim, then, is to get these extrinsic muscles as well as the vocal cords as tense as possible. By means of properly tuned resonators we are able to pick out the partial tones of the voice. In a good voice singing bass C, with all of the extrinsic muscles in a state of rest or perfectly relaxed, we are able to pick out eight and sometimes ten of these partial tones. But let the same voice sing the same tone with the extrinsic muscles strongly contracted and in a state of tension we can only hear four. Mr. Howard's theory and the facts in the case do not seem to fit. What is it that causes these muscles to vibrate after they have been tensed? It is hardly to be supposed that a current of air not strong enough to move a feather or flare the flame of a candle could do it.

In the quotation which Mr. Howard gives us from his book he says: "For the cords belong to the class called membranous [orthography] reeds." Why not muscular reeds? In Mr. Howard's book he devotes a great deal of space to the explanation of the method of getting a sufficient amount of tension of the cords for the production of high tones. Did Mr. Howard ever see a reed? Does he not know that a reed is free at one end and that the question of tension does not enter into its change of pitch at all? Does he not know that the vocal cords are attached at both ends, like the string? Again, the overtones of reed and string instruments and of the voice are all produced by the vibration of the reed, string and vocal cord in segments. By means of properly tuned resonators we can determine what these overtones are.

We find that the partial tones of the string and the vocal cord or voice fall in the same series, while the partial tones of the reed lie in an entirely different series. From this we conclude that the string and the vocal cord must segment in the same way while vibrating, and consequently that the vocal cord is virtually a string and not a reed. We find that there are five overtones in the voice before we come to the first overtone of the reed. If the vocal cords are reeds, where do we get those first five overtones? So much for

the vibrator. Now, what does Mr. Howard have to say about the second part of this subject or the reinforcement of the air waves after they have been started? There are just two ways of reinforcing air waves, viz., by means of sounding boards and resonance cavities. Mr. Howard declares that it is folly to suppose that the air in our resonance cavities has any effect upon the air waves, and proclaims to the world his wonderful theory of spinal resonance.

Here again Mr. Howard shows his lack of knowledge of the structure and functions of the spine and the conditions which govern the action of sounding boards. In the first place an essential feature of sounding boards is dryness. Sounding boards are kept for months in rooms having a very high temperature to get all of the moisture out of them. All kinds of wood are not equally well adapted to the manufacture of sounding boards. Spruce is used, I believe, altogether for this purpose on account of its homogeneous texture. Bone is 48.6 per cent. water. But perfectly dry bones make very poor sounding boards on account of their structure. The outer part of bone substance is composed of compact bony tissue, while the inner part is composed of cancellated or spongy tissue. The bodies of the vertebrae are composed almost entirely of this spongy tissue. The little holes in this tissue are filled with marrow, bone cells and blood vessels in the living subject. The spaces between the vertebrae are filled with cushions of fibro-elastic cartilage. They are bound together by any number of fibre-elastic ligaments, and the whole spine is surrounded by a mass of muscular tissue. A more perfect structure for the purpose of killing vibration could not be constructed.

This, in fact, is one of the functions of the spinal column. It incloses the very delicate structure known as the spinal cord, and one of its functions is to keep all vibration and jarring away from the cord. Its construction, then, is such as to deaden instead of reinforce vibration. Let anyone who is not satisfied with this explanation place the end of a vibrating tuning fork upon a piece of dry wood, and then upon his friend's skull, and note the difference in reinforcement. The bones of the skull would be much more likely to reinforce the tone than the spine, as they are much more dense, but you will find that even they do not act in this way.

If Mr. Howard can get one physicist whose lifework it is to investigate these matters, or one manufacturer of sounding boards who ought to know something of the practical side of the question, to say that a substance having the composition and structure of living bone can possibly reinforce tone, I will concede anything else he asks. The truth of the matter is that we get all of our reinforcement from the air in the resonance cavities.

By strongly contrasting the extrinsic muscles Mr. Howard deprives himself and his pupils of the principal resonance cavity which lies above the soft palate. The tone is not necessarily nasal when the soft palate is relaxed, a fact which I can demonstrate to anyone who cares to investigate the subject. We thus see that Mr. Howard's theory is built upon false premises, and therefore that his deductions must be false. We are now able to understand why the practical application of this theory has failed to produce good results. Mr. Howard has taught this theory for many years in all the principal cities in the Union and has failed to produce any great singers.

Is it any wonder that the so-called physiological school has fallen into disrepute when its chief exponent has no real knowledge of physiology, anatomy or acoustics? Another statement which has nothing to do with voice production, but which serves to show Mr. Howard's utter ignorance of histology, is that "the skin cannot bleed." Did Mr. Howard ever hear of the "cutis vera" or true skin, which is plentifully supplied with blood vessels.

A few hours spent in reading histology would clear up some matters which seem to be very dim in Mr. Howard's mind. I think all vocal teachers should look to their theories and see that they are based on facts and not fancies. I think Mr. Howard especially had better patch up his armor before he starts out on the warpath again.

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BOSTON, Mass., June 18, 1897.

SOME time ago I saw a book advertised. The title was as follows: *L'Hiver en Méditation ou les Passe-Temps de Clarisse, suivi d'un Opuscule sur Hugo, Wagner, Zola et la Poésie Nationale*. The author was Saint-Georges de Bouhélier. I said to myself, "Ha! ha! I'll order the book; there will surely be enough in it to make an article for THE MUSICAL COURIER." I ordered it; it came; and I braced myself for the article. Unfortunately I opened the book at the end, and I stumbled upon this note—Note VII.:

"I have spoken frequently in this book of God. It is necessary to remind the reader that if I use this word it is only for the purpose of alluding to the dominion of the soil, phases and destinies, the trajectory of the stars, not less than the balancing of the grass and the dull beating of the sea on the sand. Thus this term in my mind is only a metaphor."

I confess this staggered me for a moment. "Is it possible that M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier takes himself seriously?" Nevertheless I attacked the pages devoted to Wagner. Here is a sample of the new line of critical goods:

"In Wagner I see Germany herself. This great man is autochthonic. The blood of races runs in his veins, mingled with the sap of a country. He re-establishes their intellect. He realizes their conjectures. It is he that accomplishes the exploits of ancient heroes. Wagner is equivalent to a nation and he erects its emblematic statue."

Wow!

Let us venture again. "The dwellers in Pomerania, the fierce inhabitants of castles and huts built on piles in marshy regions, all those that occupy the provinces of 'Spire' and 'Les Kauques,' poor and rude, to whom a cold, slimy, greenish sea offers fish and shellfish—all this mysterious Germany can at last hear itself sounding in the heroes and music of Wagner. This man is the full expression of Germany. The groaning of its summits enchant him. He reverberates the frightful noise that comes, as from a cavern, from Hercynian forests. He has received from it the prophecies. Black regions peopled with fantoms! Giants, peaks glittering with ice, sea coasts where the wind snorts! Cold, bitter odor of seaweed, crimes of love, furious grandeur, emphatic sensuality, which lowers itself at times to worse luxuries, but which can be spiritualized by angels; all this extraordinary mixture of voluptuousness and terror, the most chimerical mysticism and extreme ferocity, Richard Wagner has expressed. \* \* \* As if Wotan, Siegfried, Prometheus, Hercules were not the human expression of a terrestrial and ethnic spirit!"

Wow!

And to think that this tremendous swell writes many pages about Clarisse, "a charming little girl whose ardent melancholy, grace, fresh face of youth impressed me most tenderly; I could avow this to her without offense, because she was not a very virtuous woman, and we swore mutually the most passionate affection in the world."

And to think that this book costs 6 frs.!

\* \* \*

There is to be a new course at the New England Conservatory. "Pupils who have creditably passed the regular examinations in the course of musical theory may take up a course of practical training in musical journalism, criticism and general musical literature. Those who have not completed the course in musical theory may obtain admission to this advanced course after passing an examination in vocal and instrumental forms, from Song-form to Fugue, musical history, and the rudiments of orchestration. The course will include a general knowledge of all the chief works of the classical repertory, a knowledge of musical form and its analysis, a practical knowledge of the instruments of the orchestra and their usage in modern works, a comprehension of the different schools of composition and

of technical performance, practical exercises in writing criticisms and reviews, and all the routine of actual journalistic work."

Mr. Louis C. Elson will be at the head of this department.

So, as you see, there is to be a school for critics in Boston. Young men armed with certificates signed by Brer Elson and countersigned by Mr. G. W. Chadwick will call at newspaper offices. There will be no impudent putting off by any private secretary. The door of the innermost chamber will fly open. The managing editor will rise from his chair, greet the applicant with emotion, and whisper in his ear, "My boy, we have been waiting for you. How does \$100 a week strike you as a starter? I beg you, do not refuse."

And, as you also will observe, the critic leaving this department will know everything. He must be able to improvise a fugue, play rapid passages on the bassoon, tell the difference between an oboe and an English horn with both eyes and ears firmly shut, give the true date of the birth of the Chief Musician, tell in each instance the origin of Mr. de Koven's melodies, distinguish accurately between singers' and clergymen's sore-throat, write a Plutarchian comparison between Melba and Maggie Cline, invent a new melody to *The Night Before Larry Was Stretched*, correct and edit the masterpiece of a passionate press agent, and prepare a list of formulated paragraphs for insertion after a pecuniary visit from a friend of an artist.

\* \* \*

Through the kindness of a member of the Conservatory Faculty I am able to give your readers some idea of the course in this department.

The candidate for the certificate of critic—he will also receive the degree of A.M. (Master of Alcohol)—will be obliged to practice regularly in a gymnasium. He must learn boxing at the studio in Portland street, and pass examination in this branch before a committee composed of George Dixon, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, and Mysterious Billy Smith. The faculty was led to this determination by the wish to inculcate the value of courage, and by the example of one of the leading critics of the town, whose room is immediately and prudently next that of the sporting department of his newspaper.

He will be required to learn practically the use of each orchestral instrument, from the gong to the piccolo, so that his proficiency would admit him to the Symphony Orchestra. Professor Elson will give his personal attention to instruction in the use of the oboe, English horn, clarinet (with special reference to the chalameau part), and muted horn. The student will also be expected to have a theoretical acquaintance with the dundubhi, the cauktika-vina, the chatzozerah, and the pavillon chinois.

His courage and staying power will be tested by performances each day for a month of the *Waldstein* sonata, Tausig's arrangement of Bach's *toccata* and *fugue* in D minor, and Schumann's *Carneval*.

He will be trained carefully in the art of concealing emotion when in the pursuit of his occupation. He will be taught to listen to music with or without taking notes in the sight of the public.

He will be taught the art of transposing. Thus he will have confidence later when he attempts to raise his salary.

\* \* \*

Here are some "practical exercises in writing criticism," which will be given next year.

(1) What will you write when the singer is pretty, a personal friend, and unable to keep to the true pitch?

(2) If you are retained here as a teacher, what will be your duty as a critic toward new compositions by the director or a colleague?

(3) If you are bored by a symphony of Brahms, would you feel it your duty to say so?

(4) Should you instruct the public or amuse it? Can you not amuse it by instructing it? And has not this been done without the knowledge of the critic?

(5) Which do you think the more preferable engagement, writing at space rates or at a fixed sum per week?

(6) Compare the piano with the Nuremberg Virgin, the rack, the water torture and the Chinese rat-trap.

(7) Discuss in 200 words the comparative merits of beating time with the foot and with a stick.

\* \* \*

You will find in the opening chapter of Vitruvius—de Architectura—a list of the accomplishments necessary to an architect. Thus he should be a literary man so that he can express clearly and elegantly his proposals in writing. Of course he should be a good draughtsman. He should be a geometrician, an optician, and an arithmetician. He should be well versed in history. He should be a deep philosopher, "for his soul should be grand and bold, yet

without arrogance; he should be just and faithful; and what is more important—he should be free from avarice. He should be a musician, to know the canonic and mathematical proportions, &c. He should be a physician, to know the advantages or disadvantages of air and climate and water. He should also be a master of jurisprudence, astronomy and astrology.

The faculty should remember this in draughting the course for instruction in musical criticism. Thus the critic should be able to make a piano unassisted, and also a piano stool, if he propose to criticize pianists. He should have dissected at least six sopranos before he presumes to speak of tone production. He should have written a symphony, a cantata and at least one comic opera before he dares to speak of the works of others.

\* \* \*

"Tis a glorious scheme. I look ahead through the years and I see competent musical critics in Putney, East Hadham, Pottstown, Pottsville and Chambersburg. To no concert hall throughout the land will a critic be admitted unless he be able to show a certificate signed by L. C. Elson and countersigned by G. W. Chadwick. Messrs. Huneker, Woolf, Finch, Apthorpe, Krebs, Ticknor, Capen, Henderson, Hale, who had no such advantages, will be mumbbling and doddering in an Old Man's Home, cheered occasionally, as they dream of the dear, dead days beyond recall, by gifts of rum and tobacco from charitable managers.

\* \* \*

Have you seen the letter written by Joseph Joachim to Melba? It was published in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

MY DEAR FRIEND—By this time, I suppose, you will be in London. I wrote to Piatti and told him that when you heard of the festival in honor of Donizetti you generously offered to do homage to the maestro and to sing at Bergamo. I suppose Piatti will call on you or write, as I gave him your London address. It is something to look forward to, the happiness of meeting you again in Italy next autumn! Your telegram, dear Nel Mel, made me very happy; it was so kind of you to think of giving me the comfort that you had arrived safely. I felt a great blank when you left Berlin. Let me not thank you for your glorious singing at my house; but let me tell you that I think it a blessing to realize the idea of your existence, and that you gave me your friendship! How did I deserve it? But I will guard the heavenly gift. All the people that met you are still under the charm of last Thursday evening. It is not the singing only that won their heart. I need not tell you with what joy any news coming from you will be greeted, dear Nel Mel, by—Yours sincerely devoted,

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

"Nel Mel!" "Dear Nel Mel!" Joachim will be sixty-six years old the 28th inst. Is it possible he is already senile? Do you remember Antonio with Aquilina in Otway's play? "Nacky, Nacky, Nacky—how dost do, Nacky? Hurry hurry! I am come, little Nacky; past 11 o'clock, a late hour; time in all conscience to go to bed, Nacky—Nacky, did I say? Ay, Nacky; Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquolina."

There has been fierce dispute here of late. Which of these two mottoes is the more appropriate as a gift embroidered by a young woman inclined toward teetotalism for the bedroom of her betrothed?

"Jag not, that ye be not jugged?"

Or,

"Jug not, that ye be not jagged?"

\* \* \*

I have read with pleasure, profit and honest wonder the brilliant articles of Mr. Huneker on piano studies. I know of no other man now living—and I weigh my words soberly—who could have written these articles, distinguished by rare critical acumen, felicity of expression, practical knowledge, dazzling phraseology, and high imagination.

PHILIP HALE.

**Lorena Hood-Fenn.**—The pupils of Lorena Hood-Fenn, assisted by Mrs. Morris E. Schwartz, soprano, Prof. Adrian Primrose, violin, and the Haydn Sextet Club, gave a piano recital at the lecture rooms of the First Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, on June 8, when an extensive program was performed.

Mrs. Fenn teaches the method of Dr. William Mason, one of the most celebrated masters and authorities on piano technic. Mrs. Fenn does not give prizes in the usual way, that is, medals, &c., but the highest prize with her pupils is a free scholarship for one year, which was won, or rather earned, through studious application and punctuality by Miss Helen Ingersoll.

The holder of the scholarship for the past year was Miss Adela Whiting. There were two other prizes this year, won by Miss May B. Hall and Miss Mabel Turner. The prizes consisted each of a book on musical subjects, one being *Music Study in Germany*, by Amy Fay, and the other, *The First Violin*, a musical story.

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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
539 Fulton Street, June 14, 1897.

MARVELOUS talent has that charming, wonderful, little, blind musician Eddie Grasse, who at the age of twelve plays with the musical sense of a man of forty.

In using the term "musical sense" I desire to convey in its fullest meaning just what I said. An exquisite sentiment prevails; but there is not alone pathos; there is hope, happiness, bravura, expectation, exultation; there is in one dash of musical expression distinct enough for anyone who has an ear beyond the earthly to hear "Thank God for the blessing of light in the darkness." Would to heaven that all so afflicted might be so consoled!

As violinist I only had the opportunity to hear him as interpreter, and what exquisite interpretations he gave of Thallon's Evening Song, Wieniawski's Legende and Air from the Suite in D, by his favorite composer, Bach! How firm and true was his intonation, and his phrasings were superbly intelligent. The poetic sense is developed to a wonderful degree, as is also the dramatic intensity of his nature; but with all this charm it was less, far less than Eddie Grasse, the pianist and composer, who played his own air and variations. In explanation I want to say of the composition, for the benefit of those who may have the same antipathy for the word "variations" that I have, that, on a theme remarkable for its virility and naked simplicity, the variations consisted of essentially classical free fantaisie, colored with his love for Bach, but irreproachably original and vigorous.

For the great privilege of enjoying this dear little child many of the guests were indebted to Mr. Robert Thallon, who gave his last Saturday morning musicale for this season with the following talent, besides Eddie Grasse:

Mr. Carl Venth.....	Violin
Mr. John Rietzel.....	Violin
Mr. Otto Wilhelms.....	Viola
Mr. Herman Riedrich.....	Cello
Mr. L. G. Allen.....	Baritone
Miss Bell Maze,	
Miss Annie G. Hodgson,	
Miss Jessie Hodgson,	
Mrs. Joseph Taylor,	
Mrs. Chas. McDermott,	
Mr. F. M. Davidson,	

Mr. Robert Thallon.....Organ

In presenting Mr. L. G. Allen Mr. Thallon certainly kept up his reputation of having the assistance of artistic players or singers. Mr. Allen has a voice of magnificent quality, a clear, perfect enunciation, an intelligent conception, and less style than anything else, but Mr. Shelley's beautiful song, The Resurrection, had an interpretation that would have been very gratifying to him.

A string quartet by Mr. Carl Venth attracted an amount of well-deserved attention and admiration. It is a finely constructed composition, and tells of the stock of attic art which Mr. Venth has at command. His solos were beautifully given, especially the delightful number of Mr. Thallon, which I have reviewed in a previous issue.

Mr. Herman Riedrich never loses for an instant the hold he invariably has over his hearers, his work is always so exquisitely refined and poetic. The ensemble selections elicited as much applause as the soloists, for, as I take it, the audience was a strictly musical one, capable of appreciating the music and its beauty rather than the player and his personality. This was the program:

Concerto, D minor, three pianos (accompaniment, string quartet and organ).....	Bach
Cello solo—	
Reverie.....	Fischer
Rondo.....	Boccherini
Violin solos—	
Evening Song.....	Thallon

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Air from suite in D.....	Bach
Legende.....	Wieniawski
String quartet—	
Adoration.....	Venth
Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana).....	Mascagni
Baritone solo, The Resurrection.....	Shelley
Piano solo, air and variations.....	Grasse
Violin solo—	
Prize Song (Meistersinger).....	Wagner
Romanza, F major (MS.).....	Thallon
Overture, Stradella, three pianos (twelve hands), string quartet and organ.....	Plotow

This was the only public affair of the week.

On Monday night I attended the rehearsal of the Sängerbund, which is preparing for the Philadelphia festival, and under its enthusiastic and skillful leader, Mr. Louis Koemmenich, is working very hard to reflect credit upon Brooklyn. And we, to whom the musical condition and reputation of Brooklyn is uppermost, will hold our thumbs that they may come back laden with trophies.

There is a great deal of interest manifested here in the coming Sängerfest at Philadelphia, as nearly all of the German singing societies will take part. Arthur F. Claassen will be director for the Federated Societies of Brooklyn singers, who will sing Dudley Buck's Robin Adair for the prize. William Bartels, tenor, will be one of the soloists, and he will also sing with the Brooklyn Sängerbund.

There will be three classes of contests between individual societies. In the first the Brooklyn societies will be the Brooklyn Sängerbund and the Williamsburgh Sängerbund; in the second class will be the Beethoven Liederkrantz, the Arion Quartet and the Eichenkranz; in the third class will be the Olive Quartet, the Cäcilie, the Phoenix Männerchor, the Echo Quartet and the Alpenroeschen. The Arion Society will not enter the lists. Over 1,000 singers will go from Brooklyn.

The list of societies and names of their directors is as follows: Arion, Arthur Claassen; Arion Quartet, A. Fughe; Alpenroeschen, Karl G. Schneider; Williamsburgh Ross Baeker Gesangverein, Ernst Scharpf; Bach Quartet Club, Henry Buhl; Beethoven Liederkrantz, J. G. Marks; Brooklyn Sängerbund, Louis Koemmenich; Brooklyn Männerchor, Carl Venth; Cäcilie (Grand street), Ernst Scharpf; Concordia Männerchor, William Ebert; Concordia (East New York), Carl Hein; Concordia (South Brooklyn), J. Schaefer; Deutscher Liederkrantz, August Bischoff; Echo Quartet, Henry Ehm; Männer-Gesang-Verein Eichenkranz, Adelbert Fughe; Friedr. Gluck Quartet Club, August Bischoff; Harmony Glee Club, George A. Meier; Haydn Männerchor, Max Mulbert; Hermanns-Soehne Männerchor, W. von Maltz; Hessischer Sängerbund, Karl G. Schneider; Koschat Männerchor, Carl Schwarze; Olive Quartet, Eugen Leiber; Phoenix Männerchor, Ernst Kampermann; Richard Wagner Quartet Club, Friedrich Ludwic; Schwäbischer Sängerbund, August Bischoff; Williamsburgh Sängerbund, Felix Jaeger; Zoellner Männerchor, J. Werschinger.

The officers of the United Singers of Brooklyn are: S. K. Saenger, president; August H. Tiemann, vice-president and chairman of the music committee; George Guenther, second vice-president and chairman of the entertainment committee; Bernhard Klein, recording secretary; Clemens G. Haensel, corresponding secretary; David Koos, financial secretary; Hermann Scheidt, treasurer; Vincent Minck, librarian; Arthur Claassen, conductor.

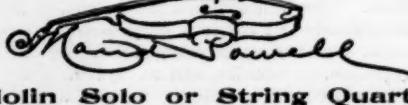
On June 19 Manhattan Beach will open its twentieth season with Sousa's Band and other attractions. On June 26 De Wolf Hopper will open with El Capitan, and it is possible that Sousa himself may conduct.

On July 26 William Parry, of the Metropolitan Opera House, will take down a company of artists and run a season of light opera. After this the Bostonians are expected. During the week days of the season there will be one concert daily at 4 p. m. and two on Sunday.

What will be done at Brighton is as yet unknown, but it is presumed that the air, from which the strains of Seidl's Orchestra have scarcely died, will be laden with the sounds of vaudeville, which will doubtless attract more people, but hardly of the same class as in former years.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

**New York Ladies' Trio.**—The well-known organization the New York Ladies' Trio is engaged to play at the Round Lake Festival concerts, July 23 and 24.

  
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### M. T. N. A.

THE exhibit of reports of musical clubs and societies in the woman's salon in the Central Palace during the convention of the Music Teachers' National Association will interest a vast number of visitors from other cities.

The movement of organization in music among students and music lovers generally for mutual love of the art and its advancement has swept over the country with such force and rapidity that scarcely a city of any pretensions exists without one or more of these societies. Amateurs and artists combine to make music clubs a success.

This work of representing the power of the women's club in music under the direction of Mrs. Charles Virgil, chairman of the committee, will result in a record of some 150 clubs, many of which have designated their intention of sending delegates to gather fresh ideas of management and investigate new courses of study for the improvement of their own individual clubs before beginning another year.

The exhibit will consist of written sketches from presidents of clubs, collections of photographs of prominent club members, programs and published year books. Twenty committees are hard at work throughout the country collecting these reports, which Mrs. Virgil and her large city committee draw from leaders of prominent clubs in this city and Brooklyn and the representative musical women are arranging as fast as received.

A program to consist of papers and musical numbers from representatives of prominent clubs throughout the country under the direction of this committee will be one of the features of the woman's department.

Mrs. Virgil will be most grateful if presidents or secretaries of women's music clubs will send in full reports of club work with photographs of prominent members without further invitation, since it is impossible to reach all clubs individually in the limited time.

**Listemann Quartet.**—Paul Listemann has signed a contract with the Clementine de Vere Company for a concert tour during the months of October and November, which will embrace forty-eight concerts, probably beginning in Boston. After this period the Listemann Quartet, of New York, will enter upon its second season with a concert in the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The quartet, which will be under the exclusive management of H. C. Anderson, of 118 East Eighty-sixth street, has already arranged for recitals in the State of New York and Western Pennsylvania, assisted by Miss Inez Grenelli, the soprano. Owing to different commencement engagements which the Listemanns will fill in the West, the quartet had to refuse an invitation to play at the Music Teachers' National Convention in New York.

**Arthur Voorhis, Pianist and Teacher.**—Mr. Voorhis recently played the following program at his studio in Jersey City before an audience of invited guests:

Fantaisie, op. 59.....	Chopin
Nocturne, op. 37. No. 2.....	
Tarantelle.....	
Arabesque.....	Schumann
Vogel als Prophet.....	Seeling
Gnomenzan.....	Mendelssohn
Scherzo, Scotch Symphony.....	
A Shepherd's Tale.....	
Narcissus.....	Nevin
Love Song.....	
Columbine, menuet.....	Delahaye
Kamennoi-Ostrow, No. 30.....	Rubinstein
Gavot.....	Voorhis
Two Moments Musical.....	
Valse, op. 34.....	Moszkowski
Etude Mignonne.....	Schütt
The Flatterer.....	Chaminade
Pierrette, Air de Ballet.....	
Du Bist die Ruh.....	Chabaud
Rhapsodie, No. 2.....	Liszt
The instrumental music at the Saint Catherine's Hall commencement (where Mr. Voorhis is musical director), Pough Mansion, Brooklyn, was a feature. These piano numbers were played:	
Quartet, overture, Egmont.....	Beethoven
Duet, Gavot.....	Behr
Quartet, Song Without Words.....	Tchaikowsky
Duet, Idylle.....	Löw
Solo, Spring's Message.....	Merkel
Impromptu (Manfred).....	Reincke
Solo, tarantelle.....	Moszkowski
Quartet, menuet.....	Schubert

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Duet, Idylle.....Löw

Solo, Spring's Message.....Merkel

Impromptu (Manfred).....Reincke

Solo, tarantelle.....Moszkowski

Quartet, menuet.....Schubert

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CINCINNATI, June 12, 1897.

THE wind-up of the College of Music and Conservatory of Music for the season is close at hand. The commencement of the college occurs on Tuesday evening, June 15, and the graduation exercises of the Conservatory will be about two weeks hence.

In considering the closing concerts of the College of Music season it is well to note some praiseworthy changes since Mr. Frans Van der Stucken has been in charge. In the first place, there have been less concerts than formerly, and these were, generally speaking, of a higher order of merit. The board of examiners has required a severer test of the candidates for advancement and honors. This is as it should be. Even if a few pupils are lost to the institution by such a course, the result in the end will be gain and not loss.

\* \* \*

The first evening concert of the closing exercises at the College of Music on Saturday, June 5, ranked far above the ordinary in the performance of students. Especially noteworthy was the piano playing of Miss Helen M. Corbin, one of this year's Springer medalists, who performed the second and third movements of the Beethoven concerto in C major for piano and orchestra. There was something of the true Beethoven character to her playing, and the adagio of the second movement was given with splendid control and musical insight. There is in her playing something of that warmth and character which bespeaks a musical soul. Miss Corbin is a pupil of Mr. Albino Gorno.

Two pupils of Miss Tecla Vigna—Miss Irmgard Becker and Miss Jeanne L'Hommedieu—did remarkably well. The former sang an aria from Mozart's *Figaro* with good voice quality and true to the pitch. One of the effective numbers of the evening was a vocal trio, sung by Miss Jeanne L'Hommedieu, Miss Irmgard Becker and Miss Rosa C. Shay. There was an exquisite blending of the voices. Miss Katie Klaver, a pupil of Mr. Hans Seitz, gave evidence of vocal talent in a waltz song by Luckstone. Mr. Mattioli's cello pupils, Miss Nina Dale Park and Mr. Chas. K. Sayre, both showed some excellent points in strength of tone and execution. Miss Clara M. Yorston brought the concert to a close by a creditable playing of the Weber-Liszt Polacca Brillante for piano and orchestra.

\* \* \*

One of our young Cincinnati vocalists, a Conservatory of Music student and favorite pupil of Miss Clara Baur, has lately met with success in New York city. Mr. G. Morgan Stricklett, who owes almost his entire musical education to the Conservatory, in a hotly contested competition bore away from more than forty applicants the appointment as tenor in one of the most aristocratic churches in New York city. He has a genuine tenor voice of the lyrical type and a consistent method in the vocal art, acquired by years of intense application and conscientious study under one thoroughly competent teacher. Of his appearance with the Handel Chorus Society and the Kaltenborn-Bayer-Hané String Quartet, the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* says:

Mr. Stricklett, in his pure, sweet tenor, sang Mendelssohn's *Be Thou Faithful Unto Death*, from St. Paul, and *My Dreams*, by Tosti, in such a manner that the audience demanded a repetition. It was the only encore of the evening.

Mr. Stricklett has also the position of first tenor of the Lotus Glee Club, of New York, which is entering upon its seventh season, having traveled and given concerts in every State this side of the Rocky Mountains, and having had three London seasons, where they sang with success.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday night, June 9, the Cincinnati *Orpheus*, the oldest of the German singing societies in the city, gave its

closing concert for the season at the North Cincinnati Turner Hall. There are many old voices in the chorus, and it would be considerably improved by the infusion of new, young blood. But such as it was the result showed careful preparation and conscientious work. The best singing was noted in the chorus *Let the Roses Slumber*, by Ludwig Liebe, and *O How Beautiful Is This Earth*, composed by N. A. Elsenheimer, father (deceased) of the present conductor.

The attack of the chorus was certain and the tone volume satisfactory. Some good crescendos were observed in the number *Mädchen, mit dem rothen Mündchen*. Dr. Elsenheimer's dramatic ballade, *Belsazer*, was given for the first time, and left a decided impression. I could not help noticing the influence of Wagner, and one passage vividly recalled the forge scene of Siegfried. Mrs. Harry Greve, soprano, sang the solo parts agreeably. The Norrmannenzug, by Max Bruch, was sung with good contrasts, Mr. Oscar J. Ehrhart, baritone, singing the solo with artistic conception and fine character. Mr. Herman Kaenper, who was formerly a pupil of Dr. Elsenheimer, and who has been lately studying under Mr. Albino Gorno, played with the doctor a concertstück by Raff, arranged for two pianos. It was a thoughtful, well-matured reading. Altogether the concert showed that the *Orpheus Society* is under an able conductor, and that it is making progress in the right direction.

Dr. Elsenheimer, by the way, who has severed his connection with the College of Music, will at once begin a studio of his own, arranging for a summer school.

\* \* \*

The pupils of Miss Amy Kofler, who is a product of Mr. H. G. Andre's teaching, appeared in an interesting piano recital on Saturday afternoon, June 5, at the Hockett-Puntenney Recital Hall. The program was as follows:

Sonata.....	Bohm
Barcarolle.....	Ludovic
Three etudes.....	Burgmuller
Hunting Song.....	Gurlitt
Fragrant Violet.....	Spindler
Auf Gruner Au.....	Markel
Suite.....	Gurlitt
Sonatine, Con Spirito, Andante, Rondo.....	Kuhlau
Hunting Song.....	Reinecke
Polocca.....	Kullak
Romanze.....	Schumann
Minuet.....	Beethoven
Return of Spring.....	Lange
Gondoliers.....	Reinecke
Troika-Fahrt.....	Tschaikowski
Miss Nora Abernathy, with second piano accompaniment.	

\* \* \*

Mme. Grau Meier, the well-known singer and vocal teacher, formerly of the College of Music, is in the city to spend her vacation at home. For the past season she has been teaching at the New York College of Music (Alexander Lambert, director). She will return to the college after her vacation.

The second concert marking the closing exercises of the nineteenth academic year of the College of Music on Wednesday, June 9, was an organ recital at the Lyceum, some of the advanced pupils of Professor Sterling and Mrs. Lillian Arkell-Rixford being in evidence. Several of these showed the foundation of good musicianship and a proper sense of rhythm, coupled with judicious management of stops and pedals. Participants in the program were Miss Eva Peale, Miss Louise Diekmeier, Miss Bertha Stevens, Miss Grace Monteith, Mr. G. Ralf Kurtz and Mr. John Stephan. Miss Rosa C. Shay, the single graduate in voice at the college this year, gave a very fine interpretation of the aria *Awake, Sartoria*, from Handel's *Semele* and two songs, *Thou Great, Mighty Sea*, by Delibès, and *Whispers by Northrup*.

\* \* \*

The third and last of the academic series of the College of Music concerts on Thursday evening, June 10, offered an attractive program. Miss Adele Westfield and Mr.

George Smith played the sonata in D minor, by Gade, for piano and violin, with creditable points in the ensemble. Miss Clara Stephenson, a pupil of Mr. Mattiali, played the concerto in A minor, by Göttermann, showing a musical nature and technical resources. Mr. D. Ridgeway Gebhart, a pupil of Mr. Hans Seitz, who sang *Now Heaven in Fullest Glory*, from *The Creation*, has a promising basso voice.

The piano pupils were all those of Mr. Albino Gorno and they proved the value of their teaching. Among these were Miss Mary Fromeyer, who played the first movement from the Raff concerto in C minor, with second piano and string orchestra accompaniment, and Miss Aline Fredin, who in the fantaisie on Polish air by Chopin, proved herself a musician and of a scholarly type.

Miss Martha M. Henry, one of the Springer medalists, sang *Ah, Perfido*, by Beethoven. She imparted to it expression and some dramatic feeling.

Mr. Charles A. Graninger, at the Auditorium School of Music, presented his second students' recital this afternoon. It was altogether an emphatic success, showing up creditably the management of the school. The following program was given:

Sonata, piano and violin, No. 5, in F.....	Beethoven
Allegro Brilliant, for two pianos.....	Low
..... Miss Marcia Lloyd, Miss Grace Allnutt.	
Vocal, Heart's Delight.....	Gilchrist
..... Miss Mary Montgomery.	
Violin sonata (1700).....	Rust
..... Largo. Giga. Chaconne.	
..... Miss Emma Kohnky.	
Piano—	
..... Romance, Sans Paroles.....	Saint-Saëns
..... Scherzo, from op. 2, No. 3.....	Beethoven
..... Miss Ottlie Friesch.	
Piano—	
..... Ricordate (Nocturne).{	Gottschalk
..... Grand Scherzo.....	Mrs. Jos. P. D.nelly.
Violin, Adagio Apassionata.....	Nachez
..... Miss Clara Andrews.	
Vocal—	
..... Ici, bas tous les lilias, meurent.....	Lefebvre
..... The Wooing.....	Siecking
..... Miss Katherine Hart.	
Violin, Concerto No 2, first movement.....	Viotti
..... (Cadenza by David.)	
..... Miss Clara May Henry.	
Piano—	
..... Andante, from concerto op. 185.....	Raff
..... Gavotte and Musette, from suite op. 300, {	
..... (Second piano accompaniment.)	
Violin, Romance.....	Miss Jessie Gardner.
..... Miss Mattie Pilcher.	Svendsen
Vocal—	
..... Viens mon bien aimé.....	Chaminade
..... Gavotte des Matins.....	Lemaire
Violin—	
..... Romance.....	Rubinstein-Wieniawski
..... Minuetto (1600).....	Veracini
Piano, Concerto in G minor, op. 25, first movement...{	Mr. Matthias Oliver.
..... (Second piano accompaniment.)	F. Mendelssohn
..... Miss Florence West.	

Mr. Louis Ballenberg has returned from the Nashville Exposition with glowing reports about the success of Mr. Bellstedt and the Bellstedt-Ballenberg Band.

J. A. HOMAN.

**Organist Walter C. Gale.**—Mr. Gale recently gave an organ recital in the Roman Catholic Church, White Plains, N. Y., and also played the Dubois wedding pieces and the Thiele Chromatic Fantaisie and Fugue at a lecture-musical in Dr. John Hall's church.

Last Sunday evening there was a special musical service at his church (Holy Trinity, Harlem), at which the principal numbers sung were: Gounod's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, Barnby's anthem *I Will Give Thanks*, and Mendelssohn's motet *Hear My Prayer*, for soprano, solo and chorus.

This musical service was the last of a series that have been given on the first Sunday evening of the month all winter, and next season they will be resumed again. The principal numbers given so far have been:

Awake! Awake!.....	Stainer
I Will Give Thanks.....	Barnby
Christus.....	Mendelssohn
Hear My Prayer.....	Mendelssohn
Gallia.....	Gounod
The Daughter of Jairus.....	Stainer

Mr. Gale expects to be in the city most of the summer teaching, but may spend the month of August in the Adirondacks.



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## Walter Henry Hall.

In presenting to the readers of this paper a sketch of Walter Henry Hall as conductor of oratorio, it is a pleasure to speak of a young, talented and ambitious worker in a field where there are comparatively few who really shine. That Mr. Hall has been thoroughly prepared to undertake the arduous duties which devolve upon the director of oratorio has been demonstrated to the fullest possible extent by the result shown with the Oratorio Club, of Brooklyn, which, taken from a chaotic condition, stands to-day in a position to command respect and admiration anywhere.

Combined with a deep amount of acquired knowledge Mr. Hall possesses to an unusual degree those rare qualities which are calculated to make the typical conductor, to wit: enthusiasm and that subtle power which inspires his singers to follow him in the dramatic, emotional, yet essentially intellectual effects which he desires to produce.

Oratorio is not a matter of conjecture with Mr. Hall, his education in this line having been a deeply historical one under the most rigid English masters, and being possessed of the transmitting powers he has shown every detail of the knowledge which he enjoys. To see Mr. Hall at a rehearsal is to realize to a fuller extent his power over a body of singers. Always thoroughly the gentleman, there is yet a firmness, a wiry, magnetic tension, commanding as it is inspiring, that seems to rivet each member individually to his mental control. His animation is in itself enough to show his untiring interest, and his care of minor details is the secret of his success.

In his earliest days he evinced a marked talent for conducting, and almost from the commencement of his career settled upon choral and church work as the special avenues in which he was likely to find his chief interest and success, and from that time to this has never relaxed his efforts to win distinction in those directions.

To this end he has studied oratorios with a view to their performances. He has also made a critical study of the best methods of training boys' voices and has revisited England occasionally to compare the work there with that done in this country, and has practically demonstrated in his church choir work the soundness of his theories on the "boy voice."

Being a churchman, and regarding the English cathedral service at its best as a type of what church music should be, he excludes from his choir repertory anything savoring of the concert room, but nevertheless believes that although the old, severe type should form the basis of church music, yet the more modern harmonic developments should be judiciously employed, that the dramatic and emotional side of one's nature may be appealed to.

Mr. Hall has not suffered from lack of appreciation of his great success in this line. Indeed, never has a man retired from a position more sincerely regretted than Mr. Hall when compelled to withdraw from St. Ann's Church through the great demand upon his time of the St. James' in New York. Neither has his talent as conductor of the masterpieces been overlooked either by the press or the great authorities. He shows with pride a letter of congratulation and advice from the late principal of the R. A. M., Sir George A. Macfarren, who in many ways showed him marked favors.

After a concert wherein he gave Gade's Crusaders and Gilchrist's The Rose, the work of the chorus received unlimited praise from many leading musicians, among whom was Dudley Buck, who wrote an enthusiastic letter of congratulation to Mr. Hall, with whom at that time he was personally unacquainted.

Of Mr. Hall the Brooklyn *Eagle* has said:

Mr. Walter Henry Hall, the founder and conductor of the society (Oratorio Club) is an Englishman, and received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, London. At an early age he evinced a marked ability for conducting, and before he left England, in the year he reached his majority, he had already conducted two flourishing choruses with much success. His beat is always firm and true, he knows what he wants and invariably manages to get it from his singers. He combines the rigid discipline of a drillmaster with the much rarer qualities of a musical interpreter, and his energy and enthusiasm are instinctively imparted to the chorus, who unfail-

ingly respond to his will. It will surprise many capable critics if he is not recognized in the near future as one of the great choral conductors of the country.

The *Standard-Union* said:

His singers know how to talk while they sing. Their staccato was as readily responsive as the snap of a rifle, the vowel sounds were uniformly distinct without being offensively prominent, and the consonants, those bugaboos of the English language, glided from the lips of the singers with an ease which, if not absolutely graceful, was at least devoid of coarseness and vulgarity.

In short Mr. Walter Henry Hall is one of the especially bright lights which up to the present time Brooklyn has considered its own, and now in sharing him with New York it is with a sense that both cities will derive the benefit from his capabilities.

He is to conduct the Elijah at the M. T. N. A. in place of The Messiah, which was to have been given by the New York Society. The chorus will comprise singers from the Oratorio societies of both New York and Brooklyn, in which enterprise his many well-wishers are deeply and earnestly interested, both from the appreciation of his merit and an interest in the cause of making oratorio interesting to the people at large, as was the never to be forgotten production of this winter at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, where Mr. Hall placed himself easily side by side with the greatest oratorio leaders of the day.

**Olean.**—The Olean Conservatory of Music produced Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, with accompaniment of organ, piano and string orchestra, at the Presbyterian Church on June 10 for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society.

**Florence Buckingham Joyce's Affairs.**—On July 1, with Miss Janet Allen, violin, and Miss Agnes Dressler, cello, Mrs. Joyce will proceed to Upper Saranac Lake, where, at Wawbeek Lodge, this trio will hold forth thrice daily for two months for the delectation of mine host Urich Welch's 200 guests. This trio also had an offer from another Adirondack resort. Ditsons have just published Mrs. Joyce's Little Boy Blue, introduced and sung the past season with great success by Mrs. Sawyer. Mrs. Joyce has had an unusually busy season as professional accompanist and composer and looks forward to her mountain vacation with pleasure.

**Amelia Heineberg.**—We annex some additional notices of Miss Amelia Heineberg's successes in the South:

The Derthick Musical Federation met with Miss Heineberg last Wednesday evening. The program called for a study of Schumann and his works, but there was such a general desire to omit the musical numbers prepared by the club members, so as to induce Miss Heineberg to play for us, that our president yielded, and preferred our request, to which Miss Heineberg graciously acceded. The only part of the regular program given was the life of Schumann, beautifully prepared and read by Miss Ella Keipp. Miss Heineberg then entertained us grandly for more than an hour. No matter what difficulty in technic awaits it, her touch is divinely delicate and sweet, as much so in bravura passages as in pianissimo parts, and under its magic the piano becomes no longer an inanimate musical instrument, but a part of herself, sending forth the essence of her own intelligent conception of the great masters she interprets.—*Selma Journal*.

Miss Amelia Heineberg's piano concert at the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday night was attended by a select and appreciative audience, who were well repaid for their going. The consensus of opinion of all was that she far surpassed expectation. In vigor and brilliancy of execution Miss Heineberg is on a level with the best performers in the United States, and the *Times* predicts for her high honors in the music world. As an evidence the best musical critics of the country, whenever they have been fortunate enough to hear her perform, award her merited and unstinted praise. She was the recipient of a number of handsome floral tributes at the close of the performance.—*Selma Daily Times*, May 25.

There was but one opinion of the select audience that listened to Miss Amelia Heineberg's piano concert last night at the Y. M. C. A. and it was an enthusiastic one, that it could not have been exceeded. This is not hyperbole, but the calm judgment of many who have listened to the most distinguished pianists that have ever performed in this country. The brilliant young impresario and virtuoso has made for herself a reputation, constantly growing, which causes her audiences to expect much, and they are not disappointed. Such was the case last night, and the performance was, in every respect, up to the high expectations of those who were present. In technic, softness of touch, vigor and brilliancy of execution Miss Heineberg proclaims herself as a pianist an artist of the rarest excellence, worthy of the unstinted praise she has received from the best critics of the country, and she has a brilliant future before her.—*Montgomery Advertiser*, May 25.

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**Allegheny.**—The Conservatory of Musical Art of Western Pennsylvania, Charles Davis Carter director, gave its sixth annual concert at Carnegie Music Hall, Allegheny, June 10. The six final examination recitals at the conservatory take place June 14, 15, 17, 18, 21 and 22. The special summer term is from July 1 to August 1, and the fall term of the seventh season opens Monday, September 7. The graduates of 1897 are Miss Aimée Reinemann's piano, and Miss Charlotte Bauersmith, organ.

**Foerster Recital, Pittsburg.**—The ninth recital of Mr. Ad. M. Foerster takes place at Pittsburg next Saturday with this program:

FIVE SONATAS.		
Songs by Robert Franz.		
Sonata, op. 27, No. 2.....	Sarah Taylor.	.....Ludwig van Beethoven
Treusbe wird's, op. 2.....	Amanda Vierheller.	
Die Farben Heligoland's, op. 3.....		
Sonata, op. 6.....	Katherine Hillgrove.	.....F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Marie, op. 18.....	Amanda Vierheller.	
Auf dem Meere, op. 25.....		
Sonata, op. 22.....	Caroline Groetsch.	
Einsam wand'ich, op. 30.....		.....Robert Schumann
Gewitter Nacht, op. 8.....	Amanda Vierheller.	
Sonata, op. 99, No. 1.....	Darthula Miller.	.....Johachim Raff
Es hat d'e Rose, op. 42.....		
Im Herbst, op. 17.....	Amanda Vierheller.	
Sonata, op. 20.....	Julia Gibanaky.	.....Anton Rubinstein

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## Boston Music Notes.

JUNE 19, 1897.

MRS. MARIA PETERSON gave her first pupils' concert in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, on Thursday evening, May 20. The pupils were assisted by Mrs. George M. Bassett, Miss Ina Lyon and Miss Clara M. Milliken, accompanist; Mr. Charles H. Grout, organist; Mr. C. F. Hanson, cellist, and Mr. Arthur Hanson, violinist.

Mechanics' Hall upon this occasion was filled with friends of both teacher and pupils, the majority being Swedes. Appreciation of the fine music was freely shown, but the length of the program rendered encores out of the question, although the male chorus and the Swedish ladies' chorus were obliged to respond. Mrs. Peterson was recalled several times and was given a beautiful floral harp.

This was the program:

Ladies chorus, We Greet Thee, Sun.....	Söderman
Trio, The Violet.....	Curschman
Miss Lela G. Pratt, Mrs. Flora Minor McVine and Mr. Frank O. Henry.	
Duet, soprano and tenor, Once Again.....	Gounod
Miss Mabel Nilson and Rev. H. E. Whyman.	
Soprano solo, The Month of May.....	Boissier
Miss Cora Sanders.	
Tenor solo, Bella Sorentina.....	Hallström
Mr. Frank O. Henry.	
Soprano solo, Vasahti.....	Bordèse
Miss Mary Holley.	
Duet, alto and bass, (Euryanthe).....	Weber
Mrs. Flora Minor McVine and Mr. Axel Francke.	
Tenor solo, Walter's Prize Song.....	Wagner
Mr. Walter S. Bliss.	
Soprano solo, Indian Bell Song, (Lakmé).....	Délibes
Miss Lillian Hanson.	
Duet, soprano and alto, and ladies chorus, At the Cloister Gate, Grieg.....	Grieg
Miss Teresa Larkin and Mrs. Edw. Epstein.	
Ladies' chorus, In Springtime.....	Bargiel
Bass solo, recitative and aria, Thus Salth the Lord (Messiah). Händel.....	Händel
Mr. Axel Francke.	
Duet, soprano and alto (Aida).....	Verdi
Mrs. Estella Clough and Miss Sara Simons.	
Mezzo soprano solo, recitative and aria (Queen of Sheba)....Gounod	
Miss Mabel Nilson.	
Male Chorus—	
In the Forest.....	Kuchen
Tar's Song.....	Hatton
Soprano solo, Ave Maria, with violin, 'cello, organ and piano accompaniment.....	Hanson
Miss Lillian Hanson.	
Soprano solo, Staccato Polka.....	Mulder
Mrs. Edith Hicks-Adams.	
Soprano solo, Scena e Cavatina (Ernani).....	Verdi
Mrs. Estella Clough.	
Swedish Ladies' Quartet—	
Lilla Greta.....	Swedish Folksong
Coasting Song.....	Prince Gustaf
Baritone solo and ladies' chorus, Serenade.....	Kjerulf
Mr. H. Nilsson.	

In reviewing this concert the Worcester *Spy* says:

That Mrs. Peterson has been a successful singer herself is clear from the program and the manner in which it was sung. About both undertaking and accomplishment there was a largeness that is now in entertainments of this kind in Worcester. Mrs. Peterson is able to make her pupils sing dramatically. She liberates their voices and puts color into them. Mrs. Clough's singing was a surprise to those who remembered when she failed to fill a moderately sized studio. While retaining her flexibility and sweetness, she now possesses a voice of sufficient volume to satisfy a listener at the rear of Mechanics' Hall. Miss Simons is another singer whose voice has ripened under Mrs. Peterson's instruction. Most of the songs suffered from too slender an accompaniment. Of the soloists miss Lillian Hanson was easily first, and her Indian Bell Song from Lakmé would have deemed an evening of failures.

The four closing recitals for the season by the pupils of the Virgil Practice Clavier School, of Boston, will be given in the afternoons at 4 and in the evenings at 8 of Monday and Tuesday, June 14 and 15. Miss Adeline W. Raymond, Mr. C. A. Ridgway, Miss Jeanie Sargent and Master Edwin L. Shaw will play the programs.

Alouette is the title of a new and attractive piano composition in the idealistic dance form just published by the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, of Boston, New York and Chicago. The composer, Adeline Frances Fitz, has classed it in that peculiar genre known as the "Skirt Dance," which its graceful movement suggests. The famous Seventh Regiment Band, of New York, and Miss Sud's Salem Cadet Band have both placed it on the list of

their regular concert pieces for this season, and thus the public will have frequent opportunities to hear it.

Music teachers who expect to attend the Faelten Piano School this summer during July and August will be interested to know that children's classes in fundamental training will be in session also. The management announces that those teachers who want to be up to date will have an opportunity to see this system in operation free of charge.

The last of the three organ recitals at the Union Church, Worcester, given by Mr. Everett E. Truette, was given on Monday evening. There was a large audience present, who enjoyed the fine program presented.

Mr. C. L. Staats will play with the Instrumental Club at Wellesley College June 21. On the 22d he will play at East Greenwich, being assisted by a soprano and pianist. As Mr. Staats will not be attached permanently to the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, he will be available for concerts outside of New England during 1897-8.

On Monday evening, in Sleeper Hall, New England Conservatory of Music, there will be recital by the conservatory orchestral class, conducted by Mr. Emil Mahr, assisted by Mr. Henry T. Wade at the organ. This will be the program:

Overture, Egmont.....	Beethoven
Romance in F major, violin.....	Beethoven
Miss Stella Root (Houston, Tex.).	
Easter Hymn from fifteen <sup>th</sup> century.....	Volkmann
Allegretto from Symphony in B flat.....	
Moment Musical.....	Schubert
Orchestral class.	
Fantaisie for Violin.....	De Bériot
Miss Florence Sliter (Middletown, N. Y.).	
Airs Hongroises, op. 28, for violin.....	Ernst
Master Willie Traupe (South Boston).	
Concerto in D major.....	Paganini
Cadenza by Aug. Wilhelm.	
Mr. Cadene by Mr. Albert E. Wier (Roxbury).	
Overture, Pigaro.....	Mozart
Orchestral class.	

Sophie Zela, wife of Edgar O. Achorn, died in Boston June 9. Previous to her marriage she was a singer well known in Northern Europe. She was born in Christiania thirty-six years ago. She won a scholarship at the Royal Academy for Music at Stockholm, founded by Charles XV., and in this way came to the favorable attention of King Oscar II., who became interested in her career.

The Norwegian Storthing voted her a "stipendium," with which she studied in Paris under Madame Marchesi, and later operatic roles with Pescha-Leutner. She made her début at the Royal Opera at Cologne as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. She sang at this opera house three years as the leading lyric soprano. Later she appeared in opera and concert in the principal cities of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Northern Germany. The February, 1897, issue of the *Urd*, the leading woman's journal of Christiania, gives a full account of her work in that country and elsewhere.

In 1889, accompanied by her friend Fräulein Ida Bothe, at that time teacher of art in Wellesley College, she came to America. During the first years of her stay in this country she appeared in concert in Boston and other cities, her last appearance here being at Chickering Hall, in 1893, when she gave a concert assisted by Gertrude Franklin, Mr. Lamson, Mr. Schuecher and Signor Rotoli.

From the first she felt the severity of the climate of Boston, and was finally compelled to retire from public work.

**Ford, Organist and Conductor.**—Charles Bigelow Ford and family are preparing for a two months' vacation, to be passed in Mount Vernon and Madison, N. J. He has had a busy season with his choir and choral club, at Madison Avenue Baptist Church, his organ recitals and private pupils. Mr. Ford is a New York vice-president of the M. T. N. A.

**Lillian Littlehales, Violoncellist.**—Miss Littlehales, who is to play at the Binghamton, N. Y., S. M. T. A. Convention, July 6, 7, 8, has been quite ill. She played through four programs of the Cortland music festival by sheer nervous force, and has been confined to her room ever since, cancelling engagements in Rochester, Utica and Syracuse, in which latter place she is at present stopping.

## Harrison M. Wild.

CHICAGO as a musical centre is coming rapidly to the front, and this to a large extent is due to the ability, the energy and enterprise of those who during the last few years have had the handling of musical events.

Among these it is doubted whether there is any musician in the city who bears a higher reputation among his associates or the public generally, either as musician, thorough gentleman, courteous and ever kindly, or as a worthy citizen, than Harrison M. Wild, the well-known organist and piano teacher.

Mr. Wild is a native of Hoboken, N. J., where he was born March 6, 1861. Having passed through his schooling, his inclinations and natural abilities led him to determine on a musical career. For two years he studied under the well-known teacher Arthur J. Creswold, and the following season from 1878 to 1879 was spent in Leipzig, Germany, where he had the benefit of instruction from Richter, Zwintscher, Maas and Rust. Returning to America, he decided to make Chicago his permanent home, and from 1879 to 1888 he studied under the best teachers then in the city, for a considerable portion of the time taking two theory, two piano and four organ lessons each week. As showing how assiduously he worked during this latter four years he twice studied through the entire organ works of Bach.

The result of such sound and thorough training was soon apparent. For five years he held the post of organist of the Ascension Church, for one year he was at the Memorial Church, for thirteen years he was at the Unity Church, and at the present time he is connected with Grace Episcopal Church. During his long stay at the Unity Church he gave 205 organ concerts. The number of his piano recitals in Chicago and towns adjacent is quite large. His success has been recognized all over the United States, and he is now under invitation to give this month an organ recital in New York before the M. T. N. A.

His success as a teacher has also been of a very pronounced character, and as prominent among his organ pupils may be mentioned Clarence Dickinson, Miss Godard, Mrs. Chandler Starr, Miss Tina Mae Haines, Miss Ada Williams and Miss Lillian Way. Of his piano pupils the following among many others have achieved prominence: Frank C. La Forge, Howard Wells, Miss Godard, Miss May R. Wilkins, Mrs. Esther Deal Howard and Miss Carrie De Costa.

In December, 1895, Mr. Wild received the honor of a call to the conductorship of the Mendelssohn Männerchor. He is a member of the Chicago Manuscript Society and also of the Guild of Organists of New York.

Daring public opinion and public favor by playing all over the United States, Mr. Wild has been the recipient of multitudinous and voluminous press notices, which invariably, too, have been of a most flattering character. Of the notices received by him in THE MUSICAL COURIER he is particularly proud, and in fact these as well as his other notices have been treasured by him and copies will be gladly forwarded to anyone desiring to see the same.

**George Fleming, Baritone.**—Mr. Fleming leaves soon for the great festival, at Brantford, Canada, where he will sing The Messiah. He will also sing for Mr. Lund in Buffalo. Mr. Fleming is solo bass at the Beloved Disciple P. E. Church, Madison avenue and Eighty-ninth street.

**Sherwood at Nashville.**—William H. Sherwood, the famous American piano virtuoso, played in Nashville, June 4, with the co-operation of Max Bendix, violinist. The Nashville *Banner*, in writing of Sherwood's masterly performance, justly remarks:

Mr. Sherwood is by no means a stranger to Nashville music lovers, having appeared here on several occasions in concert. He ever meets with the recognition and appreciation due him, for he ranks with the finest pianists of America. He is a thorough musician, and from year to year one can find a new richness, a greater breadth and an additional fineness of technic that is marvelous. His tones are mellow, yet so strong and masterly that his audiences are thrilled and enchanted with the magic of his notes. While Mr. Sherwood is always delightful, he never was heard to better advantage than on yesterday, when he seemed inspired by a fire of the divine muse, and in each of his numbers his audience drank in silence his interpretations of the masters, and as the final chords died away would break in heartiest applause. The third selection in the second number of the program was rendered with fire and dash that was splendid, but the Cradle Song, by Chopin, with its delicious melody, was equally as well given and was most pleasing.

SEASON 1897-98.

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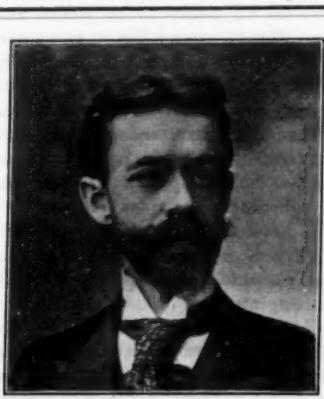


Photo by Aimé Dupont.

## William C. Carl



Bookings now being made for next season.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,  
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A COMPOSER residing in this country recently said in reply to an interrogatory that the American people had no sense of art and no taste or discretion in artistic matters. As he is successful with his compositions, he necessarily judged the people from that point of view, and we, as well as others, are tempted to agree with him.

back my reputation," or words to that or some other effect. Full particulars of this case will be published if it ever eventuates or otherwise, but in the meanwhile: "Stand by Nordica."

OPINIONS on Mr. Winfield Blake's scheme for a successful opera, which was published in this paper three weeks ago, are being received daily by him. The letters, as they come to hand, will be found in another column under the head of The Opera Question.

WE are asked to give a list of the successful pupils of Heinrich Barth, the Berlin piano teacher. "From among the many Americans who have taken lessons from Professor Barth, of Berlin, give us the names of those who are now prominent in our country as pianists or teachers."

It is difficult to reply to this, for we can remember but one Barth pupil making a success here, although this lady had no great opportunity of demonstrating her capacity, for she played at a Waldorf recital. Others we know not of.

It does seem peculiar that we Americans go to Berlin and Vienna by the hundreds to study piano, only to return and be lost in the backwoods of obscurity. Our Berlin letter for years past has instructed us regarding the young men and women of America who have studied with Professor Barth, but that seems to be the final end of their record; no progress appears to be made by them, and as to public appearances before musical audiences in America—*das gibt es einfach nicht*—that does not exist.

Why not remain at home and do the very same thing—nothing?

## TERRIBLE NEWS.

THE *Herald* cablegram of Sunday from London contained the following dreadful news. As soon as it became known here a large number of cable cars continued to run on wheels:

LONDON, June 12, 1897.—M. Jean de Reszké's sudden absence from the opera on two occasions when billed to appear at Covent Garden has raised a crop of rumors as to differences between himself and the management, in spite of the official announcement that his retirement was due to indisposition. Maurice Grau says there is no truth in the stories of trouble, adding that the management is as anxious as de Reszké for the latter to appear, but, he explains, the tenor is suffering from a relaxed throat. Mr. Grau further said that the relaxed throat followed an attack of influenza, and the tenor did not think it wise to incur strain at present, although he hopes to appear twice next week. M. de Reszké, in an interview, also declared that his absence was entirely due to an attack of grip, that any singing effort upon his part brings on a cough, although his voice itself is not affected, and that he hopes to sing on Monday.

It was known in London early on the morning of May 31 that M. John de Reszké was then already unable to sing in the evening. Still the public was kept in the dark (as at the Metropolitan under Grau and Damrosch) until they were in the house at 7.30 P. M. It appears that Lady de Grey had persuaded Van Dyk to sing the role of *Tristan* to replace Reszké (notwithstanding the New York daily papers there are a few men alive besides Jacobus de Reszké who can sing *Tristan*), who on learning this, became violent and threatened to leave at once for Poland. Lord de Grey interfered on behalf of his wife, and it was with difficulty they were separated, when a compromise was agreed to and Tannhäuser substituted—"Van Dyk sadly out of voice," the *Morning Post* stating it, "while the Pilgrims sang more out of tune than usual."

We heard Van in Bayreuth in '94, and in Paris in '96, and if he can get off pitch any more than he did on those occasions he ought to be tarred and feathered. He is no Reszké when it becomes a question of pitch—pitcher against pitcher and Reszké's nine will win out every time. But to continue.

It is through the New York *Herald* that London Americans learn that the opera season at Covent Garden is Maurice Grau's, no mention of that fact being made in the English newspapers. That probably is the reason constant repetitions are made of Romeo and Juliet, Lohengrin, &c., for the Polish brothers. Van Dyk gets no chance for appearing, except on Wednesdays, which is the "off" night, but this is right for his singing is "off."

On the evening of the Queen's celebration (Wednesday) everyone was away at the ministerial dinners or at Lord Salisbury's reception, and the city was illuminated and Covent Garden was empty.

The following Wednesday was Derby Day, when everybody who is somebody was away from London, and so De Reszke and DeGrau with DeGrey had it generally fixed that Van Dyk should again appear, and so the man who invented the whiskers has as little show in London as Tamagno or De Lucia had here.

There can be no art in opera under the prevailing foreign system—a system full of corruption, intrigue, indecency and demoralization. We should get through with it permanently.

The *Mercury* on Sunday last published the following on the situation:

LONDON, June 12.—A howl of dissatisfaction has gone up from the subscribers to Grau's opera season at Covent Garden. It was announced this week that Jean de Reszke was taken seriously ill and could not make his appearance in the *Meistersinger*. Grau was in Paris at the time, and it looked very much as if the opera season would have to temporarily close. At the last moment Marie Engle saved the situation by singing in *Juliet*, which opera was substituted for the *Meistersinger*. Those directly interested are blaming Grau for leaving opera in such an awful mess. Some of the subscribers are resenting openly what they call an unwarranted insult, and say that they will not subscribe next year if Grau is at the head of affairs at Covent Garden. It now seems absolutely certain that there will be a rival season at the Drury Lane, in which case, of course, Grau will be very materially weakened.

To add to the uncertain and unpleasant state of affairs, De Reszke has written to the *St. James' Gazette* saying that he has not been ill at all. This places somebody in an unenviable position.

And it constitutes a verification of our statements.

#### M. T. N. A.

THE choice of dates made by the officers of the M. T. N. A. reveals their wisdom and executive foresight. The end of June is one of the most delightful times of the summer—at the seaside or in the mountains—and perhaps the god P. Uvius, backed up by a cold wave, may give us respite from the heat next week, but we have doubts. Then, again, the choice of New York is wise, for it is not only many thousand miles away from the homes of the hundreds of thousands of teachers that are expected to attend, but it is also a large, thriving city, full of sights and sounds and scents; and what chance will dry committee meetings have against the allurements of Coney Island and the Tenderloin?

The programs as announced are especially attractive. It is so reasonable to expect that teachers worn out by a hard season of work will be entranced by essays on the Philosophy of Fingering, by papers dealing with the aesthetics of the bassoon, and arguments as to the relative value of the sexes in composing for roof garden bands. General Business Meetings have an irresistible sound, and from many former experiences we know what glorious time-wasting matches are developed at these affairs where a constipation of ideas prevails in proportion to general windiness of speech.

The fact of the matter is that the M. T. N. A. has outlived its usefulness. As a parent body it no longer commands the respect or the authority from its offspring, the State associations. They have absorbed its strength, and since 1890 M. T. N. A. meetings have been ghostly reminders of the strength of the decaying organization. What is, we are emboldened to ask, what is the use of the M. T. N. A.? It has served its purpose, it has knitted together the profession and it has created the autonomous State associations. We respect it for its work in the past, but surely it is now moribund.

This idea of cramming into five days and nights enough music and oratory to fill a month is absurd; it is worse, it is cruel. In deadly hot weather, at the end of a long season we are expected to listen to more music, much of it of indifferent character, and much of it indifferently executed. The essay nuisance still flourishes and the little man with the big axe to grind will be very much in evidence. Instead of music made by a great orchestra, under the baton of a great conductor with the assistance of the greatest solo singers and players alive, and in early spring, and at Easter-tide, with our brains still fresh, we must huddle on torrid days, when all nature proclaims the cruelty of the closed door and wall, and listen to thrice told tales!

It is indeed cruel and foolish!

The M. T. N. A. may well dissolve, commit official suicide and go out of business. It is a thorn in the flesh and its constituents are well aware of it. Let 1897 signalize the calling of the roll for the last time and signalize the dismissal of the time-scarred, war-worn musical veterans. Let there be a truce to the essay spouter and let each State discuss within its

boundaries its petty intimate needs. They cannot possibly interest the country at large. The M. T. N. A. must go, and New York is a proper place for its decease. Let us reverentially chant its *requiescat in pace* at the close of this month.

#### OUR KINDERGARTEN.

IN the last number of THE COURIER a statement of the exclusive *Herald* was published which is occupying about a third of a column of the valuable space of that paper described how Lilli Lehmann "discovered" a great singer in a poor foreign waiter named Joseph Ladisz. We republished the foolish story to illustrate how grotesque the absurdities of daily journalism were becoming, but we were by no means within the bounds of the possible as last Sunday's *Journal* helps us to demonstrate. The story of the *Herald* was merely arranged with a large scare head, but the *Journal* a week later illustrated the stupid tale, showing three sketches, one of Ladisz, the waiter, the next his physiognomy, and last his appearance in the costume of a mediaeval robber baron, or, as it appears to us, a Münchhausen just about uttering another lie.

The *Journal* goes on to say:

Now and then a musician among the Netherland guests heard the rich baritone of the waiter at his elbow and commented upon it in the hotel office.

But out of all this there came nothing to Joseph, until the day when Madame Lehmann chanced to make the Netherland her abiding place for a time and to have the young Hungarian for a waiter.

Madame Lehmann did not stop with a mere glance of surprised interest when she first heard Joseph's voice. She talked with him and made him talk. Her dinner became of secondary importance. The melodious voice of the waiter overshadowed even the art of the Netherland's chef. Madame Lehmann went straight from the dining room to the office.

"Did you know you had a singer in this house?" she asked with enthusiastic abruptness.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Chesterfieldian clerk, "and we are proud of the fact that Madame Lehmann has honored us with her presence."

"Oh, but I do not mean that," replied the diva. "It is not of myself I am speaking. I am not so absurd. It's the waiter—that waiter with the voice. Oh, that wonderful voice! Who is he? What is he? Has he never sung? Why is he a waiter? Why is he not on the stage?"

There were a great many more questions directed to the bewildered clerk before Madame Lehmann caught her breath and came to a pause. And the upshot of it all was that Joseph was sent for. She sang, and that his singing more than confirmed all that Madame Lehmann had anticipated of it. Then Joseph's antecedents were inquired into and he was asked if he would not like to get out of his apron, throw aside his napkin and study music and the art of singing. Of course, it did not take Joseph very long to make up his mind on that point. He would like to study music and become a singer. The prospect of such a career, in fact, was so dazzling that the poor fellow was quite bewildered with it, and could scarcely believe his own senses when Madame Lehmann said she would pay the expenses of his musical education and use all her great influence to successfully launch him on the road to fortune.

And she is making good her promise. Young Ladisz is now in Milwaukee under the instruction of Prof. Ernest Catenhausen, whom Madame Lehmann took all the way from New York to give the young man a thorough musical training. Then after a time the same generous benefactress will send him to Europe, and he will go upon the stage in German opera as soon as his education is sufficiently advanced to warrant that final step.

And all this came about because Madame Lehmann happened to go to a certain hotel and sat a certain table.

Intellectual America, after reading all the inexpressible drivel that appears daily in the daily press, must come to the conclusion that we are supposed to be a great national kindergarten. There is no doubt that if we continue with this kind of journalism we shall become a veritable kindergarten, for there is no escape from such a fate or from senility; it must be one or the other.

The fact of the matter is that there is no truth to this rubbish, and that all the space and effort spent upon it by the two great metropolitan sheets is so much loss of energy and vitality, unless indeed it be deemed proper journalism to treat the American people as a huge kindergarten.

It is true that a Hungarian waiter with a good voice was discovered here some time ago, but the discovery was not made by Lehmann, or at the time mentioned in the daily papers. This Ladisz, from whom nothing further will be heard after this ephemeral notoriety, was discovered by a resident vocal teacher, Mr. W. Warren Shaw, the husband of the well-known Helene von Doenhoff. Mr. Shaw is a pupil of Milan and Roman vocal instructors, and has for some years past been giving lessons in this city. He found Ladisz, and gave him instruction for some time as per contract we herewith reproduce:

#### MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT.

Made this 5th day of November, 1896, by and between W. Warren Shaw, party of the first part, and Joseph Ladisz, party of the second part.

Witnesses.—1. Said party of the first part for and in consideration

of the payment of \$5000 and of the covenants and conditions herein-after contained and to be kept and performed by said party of the second part, hereby agrees to give.....half hour lessons in Voice Culture to party of the second part.

2. It is mutually agreed between said parties of the first and second parts that the payment of \$5000 shall be made in the following manner:

A regular weekly payment of \$1 shall be made in advance, and these payments continued until full payment of lessons at the rate of \$1 per lesson shall have been made. These payments to commence January 1, 1897.

3. In case of professional engagement of party of the second part it is further mutually agreed that 15 per cent. of the remuneration received from such professional engagement shall be paid to party of the first part by party of the second part, immediately on receipt of such remuneration, until the full amount of payment of \$5000 shall have been paid.

4. In case of illness or inability on the part of party of the second part to take any lesson or number of lessons, immediate notice shall be given to party of the first part of such inability; otherwise the lesson or lessons missed shall be charged and paid for in the regular manner.

5. If due notice of inability to take a lesson or number of lessons shall be given to party of the first part by party of the second part no charge shall be made for lessons missed.

6. In case of inability on the part of party of the first part to give any lesson or number of lessons the lessons missed will not be charged for, but under any circumstances the weekly payments made by party of the second part shall continue regularly, regardless of lessons missed, from any cause whatsoever, until full payment for lessons already received at the rate of \$1 per lesson shall have been made.

7. Either the party of the first or second part shall have the right to discontinue lessons at any time, and payment for lessons already received shall be made in the regular manner until payment is complete, and in case of professional engagement until the sum of \$5000 dollars shall be paid by party of the second part to party of the first part, and it is mutually agreed that Mr. Ladisz is to pay for 150 lessons only, except in case of professional engagements, in which case 15 per cent. of salary is to be paid until full amount of \$5000 is paid. Payments to cease temporarily in case of illness or lack of a position paying \$30 a month or more.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals.

Signed in presence of .....

W. WARREN SHAW. [L. S.]  
JOE LADISZ. [L. S.]

In pursuance of our kindergarten system of American daily journalism a singer is made famous before he gets through with his course of training. This system has at least the advantage of anticipation and saves the singer's reputation from being affected in case of a fiasco when he appears in public. In fact the kindergarten system has the merit of demonstrating the practical uselessness of graduating. Why should a Hungarian waiter, who has studied with a vocal teacher, and who was subsequently made famous because some New York daily papers have devoted columns to a pretended statement regarding him made by Lilli Lehmann—why should such a Hungarian waiter spend any further time on study? He is ready now for a Hammerstein or for a dramatic or musical syndicate débüt, and the same people who applauded Reszke and Lehmann and Eames and Nordica and a polyglot chorus will applaud him. The kindergarten is in running order now, and, judging from last Sunday's New York papers, it is getting exactly the kind of mental food a kindergarten can digest. Bring on your Hungarian waiter; he is good for \$500 a night, as it now stands, and the kindergarten is wild to see him—hearing him being merely secondary or tertiary.

#### THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

THE American composer is an unhappy bird. We have segregated him from his kind, we have penned him behind a national wire netting, we have labeled, placarded, classified and exhibited him, and he now reminds one of those curious, large, awkward, strange birds, all heads, all bills, no legs, with unhappy mien that mope in menageries and utter raucous cries when poked at by small boys. The American composer, after being almost coddled to death, is now in danger of being frozen by contemptuous neglect. It is his own fault and it is also the fault of his admirers.

Half a century ago it was an almost unprecedented thing to see on a program the name of a native. Gottschalk played his own piano pieces and local organists played their own postludes and preludes, and occasionally a cantata was sung, and William Henry Fry wrote an opera or two, but the American composer was non-existent as far as the public was concerned.

Then came the hegira to the musical Mecca of those days, Leipsic, and happy, hopeful home comings. There was a group of ambitious young fellows, now for the most part graybeards, and they believed in *Dwight's Journal of Music* and wondered at Wagner. They fiddled and played piano and organ and patterned after Schumann and felt modern, but

no one took them seriously. The M. T. N. A. was the first incubator that exposed the American composer to public gaze, although Frank Van der Stucken was a pioneer with his American concerts in Chickering Hall over a decade ago. But the M. T. N. A. fostered the timid bird after it broke the shell, and gave its little *peep-peep* a chance to be heard. Programs devoted exclusively to American music (composed in Europe) figured throughout the land and in Indianapolis, and Delaware, Ohio, and Detroit and Philadelphia was played and sung the music made by Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson. Some of it was good, much was mediocre and a moiety damnable bad; but no matter, the good work went on until the public fled affrighted from all concerts devoted exclusively to native music makers. It was E. A. MacDowell, and afterward George W. Chadwick, who had common sense enough to see that all this was doing incalculable injury to the cause, and that if the American composer expected to rear his head among the other birds of the great international aviary he (she or it) must stand on his (her or its) hind legs, and not flock into parochial corners, there to sulk disdainfully.

The M. T. N. A., in a word, has done damage to the American composer by making him conscious. While we have ever fought for America and the Americans, we have always insisted that to develop native talent, comparisons with the world's music are imperative. Put your American composer on a program with the famous and familiar names of music, and if this treatment is analogous to throwing a lad overboard to swim, the test will either kill or cure. If your American composer has stuff in him, he will bear with hardy usage, and comparisons will spur him on. If he cannot endure this method, why then let him rust in Hogwash, Mo., or in Indian Territory, but he must not claim that he is an American musical composer.

Better still, let him study the technics of his art here, and then, with his portfolio full, let him go abroad, study and make all the delicate analytical tests needful; but never should he seek to bolster up a weak case by flocking together. Two or three indifferent compositions cannot be made to equal a good one; besides, one nationality in a program is usually a bore, that is the reason Grieg, Chopin, Brahms and Beethoven recitals weary.

The American composer is at present an unhappy bird.

#### FOREIGNERS.

(AMERICANS NEED NOT APPLY.)

THIS is the middle of June, and the season is only ended, but already the following foreigners are booked for next season in this country:

Rosenthal.  
Ysaye.  
Plançon.  
Hofmann.  
Pugno.  
Sembrich.  
Melba.  
Damrosch's whole foreign aggregation.  
Bevignani (with Sembrich).  
Dyna Beumer.  
Charlie's French aggregation, New Orleans and the Coast.  
Gerardy.  
Klengel.  
Blanche Marchesi.  
Guilmant.  
Sieveking.  
Lachaume.  
Leo Stern.

And this is only the middle of June. Within the next thirty days we shall have at least as many more to add to this list. Permit this foreign incursion to continue and the time will come when no American will study music. There can be no survival of the fittest without competition. As we are not permitted to compete, we are not permitted to live. There can be no struggle for existence when existence is denied to us; hence no survival. We are told by some people who think they are in earnest that the situation is serious. We think it is real funny; in fact real fun.

Americans go to Europe to study music to make a career in America; they take lessons from the same

teachers the foreigners study with, and yet the American, who is told by his foreign teacher to be the brightest pupil, cannot get a single chance in his own country to compete with his foreign rival, who always gets everything there is in it. We see nothing serious about it at all. Nordica, the great American girl, with the wonderful Farmington (Maine) chin, a chin Hannibal Hamlin would have been proud of, sings to empty benches in America and Yvette Guilbert marries a New Yorker because so many Parisians wanted her and no American wanted Nordica and she had to choose between two foreigners, Mr. Shoots, the great advance agent of foreign operatic prosperity, and Mr. Doeme, the great failure in *Parcifal* and she had to take the latter because he was a foreigner, too. Is that serious? Would Nordica have married an American who had failed as *Parcifal* in Bayreuth? No, not a bit of it. But an American would not have failed because Cosima Wagner would not give an American a chance to fail, because she likes our dollars too much for all that—because—but what's the use because.

Here we are right in a great national dilemma Eames. Who is going to be the first American to sing at American prices in Europe? But America says we cannot sing. Some competent judges tell us that neither Nordica nor Eames can sing. O pshaw, what can be done to fix this all up?

MELBA has been engaged for Covent Garden on June 23 and three other nights, making four performances. No wonder the foreigners consider the United States the veritable gold mine for them. For instance, Melba gets \$1,600 a performance here for about 80 performances—opera and concert, and is now to appear with Damrosch at an increase of 50 per cent. She stated in an interview that Grau's engagement was worth \$120,000 a season to her. She deserves this because she gets it, and in London she deserves four performances at £100 or \$500. Great Britain is worth about \$10,000 a year to Melba and about the same to Reszké, who makes in the United States \$250,000 a season, and he deserves it because he makes it. How can American music and musicians ever prosper under such conditions? So long as this foreign system prevails the American musician will continue to remain just one degree this side of a tramp. That is the reason we should adopt as our national hymn, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the boys (and girls) are teaching" and singing for nothing. We must not forget that the American always has a rousing success in America when he or she sings for nothing, and then in the daily papers next morning he or she or both will find a bad criticism because they are Americans, or not get any notice at all because they are Americans. We can change the text of Root's song and sing, "Chumps, chumps, chumps, are we Americans."

**The Heller of America.**—Mr. J. M. Loretz may justly claim the title of the "Heller of America." His three tarentellas for piano solo in the respective keys of F, E minor and A major are admirable specimens of this pleasing and somewhat neglected form. We cannot recall reading such interesting music since S. B. Mills gave us his first contributions to this class of writing. Loretz's work is brilliant and effective, without being too difficult, without, in a word, straining after purely technical results. Melodious, graceful, and truly *Klavier mässig*, these three tarentellas might profitably be played by all students and devotees of the piano. The third one, in A, is eminently suitable for concert performance.

**Charles Meehan's Many Engagements.**—Young Meehan, the soprano soloist, sang last week at Trinity Church, New Haven; also at a reception given him at the home of the organist of the Church of the Redeemer of that city. He has also recently sung in Seneca Falls (Bach-Gounod Ave Maria), when the church was crowded. Next Sunday he will sing at Seabright. The following appeared in the *World* while he was still abroad:

Charles Meehan, the boy soprano soloist of the choir of St. George's Episcopal Church in this city, is singing with great success at concerts and private musicales in London. He has been feted at the homes of high society. The critics are unanimous in their praise. Max O'Rell declared his voice the most exquisite boy soprano ever heard. The De Reszké brothers, Calvé and others of the Metropolitan Opera House company are enthusiastic admirers of his, and John Francis Gilder, the American pianist, is one of his staunch supporters. Young Meehan's voice is pure and resonant, with a compass reaching F in alt. His singing is very artistic and he is a handsome young lad besides.



#### VAMPYR.

Und nieder beugt er sein Knie der Narr,  
Grade wie Du und ich.  
Vor 'nem Petzen, 'nem Knochen, 'nem Knäul von Haar,  
(Wir wussten's, sie machte sich nichts daraus.)  
Doch er, ernaut' seine Herrin sie gar—  
Grade wie Du und ich.

Dahin sind die Jahre, die Thränen dahin,  
Und die Arbeit von Herz und Hand,  
Der Frau gewidmet, die's nicht verstand,  
(Jetzt freilich, das kennen wir ihren Sinn)  
Die ihm der Zufall fand.

Er gab ihr Alles, gab Haus und Herd,  
Grade wie Du und ich—  
Die Ehre, den Glauben und was ihm werth,  
(Und das war's kaum, was sie begehrte.)  
Doch ein Narr that stets wie Natur ihn lehrt,  
Grade wie Du und ich.

Oh, über die Übren und über die qual,  
Geopfert die Pläne, die reifen,  
Das nie ihn verstand, das herrliche Werb,  
(Wir wissen's jetzt—so war nur ein Leib)  
Sie kennt ihn nimmer begreifen.

—August Spanuth, after Kipling.

THERE, the craze has reached the German language and soon Lüchow's will resound with "Grade wie Du und ich." Mr. Spanuth has not only caught the idea, but also the rhythm. I begged a poet from whom I borrow occasional dimes to set the piano in Kipling fashion. The piano is a vampire and would sound mighty fine described as a block, a bone, and a hank of wire. Perhaps my poet will sing the glories of the grand, and not borrow Kipling's accents at all.

I almost wish that I had not reopened that old question of piano studies. Some seven or eight years ago I wrote some tentative articles on the subject, but signally failed to cover the ground. Since then I have seen and heard lots of pedagogic music, but the problem is far from being solved. The burning question that every eager student propounds is: What shall I do to be saved, and that question must be answered in varying styles. It is obviously absurd to feed a short, meaty, thick hand with stubby fingers on the same technical diet that you allow long, thin, nervous, bony fingers and unyielding wrist. Then there is variety to be thought of. If your pupil's stomach is too proud for Cramer, or revolts at Czerny, why, try Heller, try Kessler. Ernst Lent writes me that what I wished for has been an accomplished fact for some time. There is an edition of fifteen studies of Kessler, so you will not have to wade through the twenty-four.

I forgot to mention Rafael Joseffy's remarkable daily studies—products of years of study and ripe reflection. Alexander Lambert, who has such great success as a maker of young pianists, wrote a study in double notes in his salad days, and I must not in justice overlook that superb étude de concert, *The Desert*, by Paderewski, which contains new interlocking figures and his own individual manner of building accompaniment figures. Then there is a whole new world in the Russian writers, and later I shall talk of the new Brahms technic. And that reminds me: someone said that when I am at a loss for a subject I announce that I am at work on a series of papers concerning the piano music of Johannes Brahms.

This is cruel, but true. The subject is not to be approached in a free and easy fashion, and procrastination being the thief of rhythm I have deferred the task until I felt strong. I consulted both Dr. Henry T. Finck and Dr. Edgar Kelley and they at first advised brain rest, a trip to Alaska and plenty of ice at the base of the brain and straw in the ice at the treble of the neck.

So here goes. The late Mr. Brahms was much given to drinking beer in the early morning, and while this contrapuntal thirst of his no doubt affected his—

Pshaw! there's no use. It's too June to be serious,

and I'm so lazy that I would pay money for any intelligent lunatic who will write this column for me.

You remember the man who couldn't tell a story, but who let a friend relate several. Well, I've been saving up a lot of my friend's stories and if I do not credit them rightfully or tell them in a halting manner, why please remember that I've been delving in piano literature until the wrists of my soul ache, and so on.

Now and then the thing that you are pleased to call poetic justice is done, says the clever woman of the *Evening Sun*. Here is an example. Some years ago a young American woman with her father was staying at a certain hotel in London. She was a musical young woman, having studied for some time with Adamowski, and counting among her acquaintances a number of the best known musicians of Europe. During her London visit it so happened that Adamowski was also in the city. The young woman, being an appreciated as well as an appreciative pupil, naturally saw much of him. One evening he was invited to meet a number of friends in her apartment. The friends were all either musicians or music lovers, and they were enjoying themselves in the true musically fashion, when suddenly the most frightful disturbance arose from the apartment above. What could it mean? The noise plainly proceeded from a piano, and yet so vigorous were the thumps, so ear-splitting the tones, that it didn't seem possible that they could be the result of human agency. The playing and singing in which the young woman and her friends were indulging were peremptorily stopped. Time and again when there was a lull above stairs did they recommence their music, but each time were they drowned out by a hideous, unearthly roar from the instrument over them.

One of the men of the party determined to find out the cause of the trouble. He accordingly interviewed the hotel authorities, and learned that the upstairs apartment was occupied by Madame Melba, who chose to amuse herself that evening by sitting down hard at effective intervals upon the keyboard of her piano. The hotel authorities confessed themselves powerless to prevent it. They even hinted that such was the playful habit of the prima donna whenever she had musicians for neighbors. Her motive was, of course, not clear; those who knew her best set it down to caprice pure and simple. But whatever the motive, it was, in this case at least, most effectual. The young woman's musicale was successfully broken up. It isn't necessary to speak of the emotions, by no means of the tenderest, that were aroused toward Madame Melba. In a more ambitious narrative a row of stars would now be the proper thing. As this chronicle makes no pretensions, however, the reader will please bridge time and space without the aid of the asterisk and imagine the young woman some years later at a hotel in Boston. Her father again accompanied her, but Adamowski and the rest of the company that had come together in London were far away.

The evening after the young woman's arrival some one happened to say to her: "Do you know who occupies the apartment under you? Madame Melba?" "Heavens! no!" returned the young woman, though it must be confessed that such a trivial remark by no means expressed her feelings. The opportunity had come at last! Revenge was hers—as Laura Jean would say. The young woman bided her time. One day she learned that Melba was indisposed; nothing serious, but decidedly out of sorts. "Elise," immediately announced the young woman to her maid. "I am going out. I shall be gone all morning, and while I am gone I wish you to do something for me. Seat yourself upon that piano keyboard and bang up and down upon it all day long. Remember, all day long, without intermission, and just as hard as you can." And before the astonished maid could say a word, the young woman held out a greenback of such denomination as to fairly muzzle curiosity itself. There isn't any dénouement. True to her word, the young woman stayed out all day long; true to her trust, the maid banged up and down upon the piano all day long, and true to the laws of poetic justice,

Madame Melba was made as uncomfortable as she had made others some years before in London.

To attract subscribers a Parisian musical journal recently offered medical attendance for one year with each annual subscription. The editor looking through the books one day observed that Mrs. S. was in arrears, and wrote to the doctor as follows: "Dear Doctor, I no longer desire you to attend Mrs. S. when ill, as her subscription has expired." To which the doctor laconically replied, "So has Mrs. S."

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnstown, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."

"The difference between the Wagnerites and the anti-Wagnerites is quite simple."

"What is it?"

"Well, when the Wagnerite can't understand Wagner, he thinks it is his own fault, while the anti-Wagnerite, under similar circumstances, thinks it is Wagner's fault."

Professor Sellar once remarked to Matthew Arnold that Walrond was a good man. "Ah," returned Arnold, "we were all so good at Rugby." "Yes," retorted Sellar, "but he kept it up."

The late Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland had a piano of which he desired to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse, and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the bishop in high dudgeon. "Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano home in a hearse?" The bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

The first utterance made by that most fascinating of art critics, Théophile Gautier, is: "Why write in this morning's journal things about an honest man which you would not say if he were present at dinner in the evening? That the words you write will be read by 50,000 persons is no reason for being impolite and wounding."

The second was written of Mme. de Girardin by Imbert Saint-Amand: "With the gift of criticism, she possessed a higher faculty, the gift of admiration. She loved to praise far better than to censure."

The third is Robert Louis Stevenson's: "But it is best to dwell on merits, for it is these that are most overlooked."

Just before the battle: "Halt!" exclaimed the Turkish commander; "adjutant, call the roll." "Rudyard Kipling!" "Here." "Stephen Crane!" "Here." "Richard Harding Davis!" "Here." "All right! Let the word to advance be given."

One of the great reasons, writes the London *Figaro*, why philosophic systems have never been able to equal the popularity of religion is to be found in their untunefulness. Could a new edition of Kant be published with appropriate anthems and choral responses, converts might flock in daily, and Hegel only needs hymns to create a "boom." Esoterically, both theology and philosophy are beneath the consideration of any man with a capacity for enjoying life. But with a full choir they may give us a good deal of innocent amusement. Music fills churches and chapels more than sermons, and I would recommend any struggling young incumbent or minister, who finds himself confronted at matins and evensong with more seats than sitters, to sing his sermons in-

stead of speaking them. People would wait outside for the doors to open to hear the Rev. Charles Honeyman preach in A flat.

One night Whistler dropped into Sir Henry Irving's rooms to dinner. Other guests were present, but Whistler alone was silent. Two of his landscapes adorned the walls, and apparently he wanted no further entertainment. Every few minutes he would jump up from the table to get a better view of his own work. At length, after a prolonged examination of these studies in moonlight and moorland, he cried out: "Irving, Irving, look what you've done!" "What's the matter?" inquired Irving, calmly walking up to the pictures. "Matter?" thundered Whistler; "why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have been like this for months?" "I suppose they have," replied Irving; "but I think I might be excused, since it has taken you, the man who painted them, over an hour to discover that they are upside down."

Herbert Spencer plays billiards. Once, at the Athenæum Club, he played fifty up with an antagonist, who ran out without giving the author of The Synthetic System a chance of handling his cue. It was very provoking, and Mr. Spencer felt constrained to speak, "Sir," he said, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind; but adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a misspent youth."

James Payn tells of seeing an old gentleman in the lavatory at a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured "Thank heaven, it's all right!" Mr. Payn inquired very delicately why on earth he did it. "Well," he said; "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken away my taste; every day I've tried whether I can taste the soap. To-day I can, so I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And after that he did so, expensively and with great gusto.

Now music is an echo in mine ear,  
And common stillness but the lack of noise;  
For the true music I shall never hear,  
Nor the true silence—mother of all joys.  
They dwell apart on that enchanted ground  
Where not a shadow falls and not a sound.

M. Henry Cain's picture of Triumphant Gold and Its Victims, says the *Evening Post*, is of less pretentious dimensions, but much in the same style as the picture of Henri Martin. There is, however, this difference between them, and that is, M. Cain's picture will be sold one of these days, and presented to the unsuccessful candidate to the Presidency of the United States as illustrative of the iniquity of the gold standard.

This is the Cain that Calvé was able to raise. Of course the subject of his picture is illustrative of the High Salary Crime.

Seidl is raising hell in London with the critics. J. F. Runciman, who is more acid but not so individual as Shaw, writes this of our Anton in the *Saturday Review*. Lohengrin is the opera discussed:

"We had come to regard it as a pretty opera, an opera full of an individual, strange, indefinable sweetness; but Mr. Anton Seidl came all the way from New York city to show us how out of sweetness can come forth strength. Mr. Mancinelli has his good points, but his style is essentially an Italian one. For many years he has been chiefly occupied in playing lightly, in touch-and-go fashion, music that will not bear playing in any other fashion, and he has fallen into the habit of playing in this fashion music which demands a directly opposite kind of treatment. To play Verdi with the thoroughness and solidity that you must play Beethoven or Wagner is the surest way of proving how far Verdi stands from Beethoven and Wagner; but to play Wagner as you must play Verdi, if Verdi is to make any effect at all, is a very sure way of misleading people into thinking there is

nearly as much in Verdi as in Wagner, or, rather, little more in Wagner than in Verdi. This is what Mr. Mancinelli is too, too inclined to do.

"Mr. Seidl is a Wagner conductor of the older type, and with some of the faults of that type; he knows little or nothing of the improvements in the manner of interpreting Wagner's music effected by Mottl, Levi and that stupendous creature Siegfried Wagner; he is a survival of the first enthusiastic reaction against Italian ways of misdoing things; and he is, if anything, a little too strongly inclined to go a little too far in the opposite direction to Mr. Mancinelli. But there is so much of sweetness and delicacy in Lohengrin that the whole opera, including the sweet and delicate portions, actually gains from a forceful and manly handling—gains so immensely that, as already said, those of us who heard it last Saturday must surely all have felt that here, at last, was the true Lohengrin, the Lohengrin of Wagner's imagination. It was a pleasure merely to hear the band singing out boldly, getting the last fraction of rich tone out of each note in the first act; to hear the string passages valiantly attacked and the melodies treated with breadth, and the trumpets and trombones playing out with all their force when need was, holding the sounds to the end instead of letting them slink away ashamed in the accepted Italian style."

\* \* \*

Who wrote this Chopin's nocturne in G minor?

Faint through the twilight mazes  
Shimmers one palpitant star;  
Faint through the woodland mazes  
The Angelus sounds afar.  
  
Only the brook's murmur golden  
Falls on the wanderer's ear;  
Voices of memories olden  
The soul holds breath to hear.  
  
Voices of joy and sorrow  
Vanished and far away,  
As the dawn of the sun bathed morrow  
Seems from this dying day.  
  
When faint through the twilight hazes  
Shimmers eve's palpitant star,  
And faint through the woodland mazes  
The Angelus dies afar.

**Sophia Priestly.**—Miss Sophia Priestly, the favorite metropolitan piano instructor, leaves New York to-day for her annual summer season in Cedarhurst, Lawrence and Wave Crest, Long Island, where a large number of her pupils will continue their studies until October, at their summer cottages. Miss Priestly has a large clientele among the leading families of these delightful suburbs.

**Basso William J. Sheehan in Buffalo.**—After a short stay in Carpenter, Pa., this well-known vocal teacher went on to Buffalo for the summer. Last Sunday he sang an offertory solo at the Central Church. He writes a friend:

I find it very pleasant here, where I have been for half a dozen summers past. My work as soloist and teacher in these years is bearing good fruit, as most of my old pupils are returning. I am much pleased, of course. With my pupils I expect to give several recitals, and last Sunday evening Central Church choir gave my Sanctus; it gave much satisfaction.

**The Blumenschein Recitals.**—Up to June 4, 199 recitals had been given in the music studio of W. L. Blumenschein, of Dayton, Ohio. The program on that occasion included the names of Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Moszkowski, Mendelssohn, Franz and Schubert. Jessie Landis was the pianist; Ida M. Brandt the contralto. The program, which began with Bach's Italian Concerto and ended with Schubert's Wanderer, is a fair specimen of the high-class work Mr. Blumenschein has been doing for years. All the programs of the series are of the same elevated and catholic order. Mr. Blumenschein is to be congratulated.

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## THE OPERA QUESTION.

LETTERS CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Winfield Blake, Esq.:  
DEAR SIR—Your kind communication received on the 28th. I did receive one also from you through Mr. Rispien a few days ago, but from past experiences in these matters I was somewhat discouraged and let it drop, though I had promised. Please pardon me.

The proposition to establish a permanent home for American opera and American singers is most praiseworthy, and you have not only my best wishes for success, but my most sincere interest in the undertaking. I am with you body and mind. Moreover, I am more than satisfied that with good management the enterprise will prove a happy event. In my opinion it is bad management that brings the curse every time. To make continued success requires good, solid business men who know how and will run the machine with an honest purpose. Let us have a new machine, kept clean and properly oiled in all its parts, and it will work well.

There is no project that I can think of so conducive to making good and great artists of our young students as the one now before us; each one who has any ambition will try his or her best to outstrip the other in order to take the highest rank and get the largest award.

Competition, rivalry, will be the order of the day, and after all one will excel in one role, the other in another. One will be a *Norma*, another *La Traviata*, and we must have a *Rosina* for the *Barbiere* to coquette with. Go on, good children, strive, but strive lawfully, make the art your own; then the concert platform will be yours, then the stage will be yours, the whole theatre also, for what is the theatre but the audience, and you will have the audience, go where you may, and then comes the recompense also in another form.

And is it not the same with the composer? He should not be discouraged because he has failed the first and second time; the third may immortalize him, and also bring him wealth as well as honor and glory.

We must not forget the librettist. I consider the text, the words, the poetry of a composition to be the fundamental portion of the whole fabric, upon which the melody, aria, song, recitative, &c., are built, from which the composer of the music forms his ideas. The words and music should have but one signification, and together explain the character of the song, piece, scene, opera, &c. The writer of the words, poetry, as it may be, should have the character of each person in mind, to personate even to the manner, gait, attitude, &c. of each person in the opera.

The composer, then appreciating justly the situation of each individual, writes music descriptive of such character, according to the composer's interpretation of the text, and from the text itself the artist forms his character; so we see there must be a oneness between these three, poet, composer and artist, to make the work complete and a success.

And now, who cannot see the immense good that should come out of a great undertaking of this kind? How many would be benefited by it? Will not some of our honored fortunate ones lend of their riches and set the mill to work, ennobling themselves, bringing glory to their name and immortalizing the memory thereof, being the foundation of such an institution! May God grant it; it cannot be done without this. Faithfully yours,

ALBERTO LAURENCE.

Winfield Blake, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I received your letter requesting me to send my views concerning the plan outlined by you for the establishment of a permanent American Opera Company. I am pleased to see that such a project is being seriously considered, and I believe that all those interested will give all the assistance in their power when the time comes for concerted action.

It is the very thing needed to stimulate ambition and to

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assist in developing the unquestionable talent of American singers. It is, however, to my mind alike a mistake to eliminate foreigners and to make it a church choir or any other factional organization. Church choir singers should not be admitted simply because they are such—neither should competent opera singers be rejected because they are not church choir singers. Let all singers stand upon their individual merits without regard to nationality or previous connections in the musical world.

The system as followed in Italy of protesting artists who are not satisfactory at the prova or rehearsals is a good one. If any artist does not fill the bill after a fair trial, he or she is protested by the musical director and management, and the place filled by another applicant, who is also liable to be protested, and so on until the cast is satisfactory. Of course it is a great disgrace to be protested at a prova, and the consequence is that the artists take good care to study and prepare sufficiently before presenting themselves for a débüt.

It is then necessary for the débütant to be decidedly successful *with the audience*, not for one performance only, but for three performances, before they are accepted as a permanent fixture for the season. Consequently performances are universally acceptable to the public and opera thrives.

Now as to opera in America, the musical standard to which American opera-goers are accustomed must be approximately upheld, and even the warmth of patriotic fervor will not suffice to keep the fire of operatic enthusiasm alive in the breasts of discriminating audiences, if incompetent singers are allowed in a cast, simply because they are Americans, church choir singers or any other particular class of singers.

The idea of giving an opening to American singers especially is a most laudable one from a patriotic standpoint, and practically important from the fact that we actually have in our midst native talent (some of which has already been developed in foreign countries, where there is a fair field) which if given the opportunity first to develop and then to demonstrate its development in a practical manner would prove valuable to the operatic stage at large. The plan which you have outlined, if carried into effect, would furnish an incentive to study, and if the standard of artistic excellence is upheld the results cannot but be satisfactory.

We have examples of American singers who have accomplished much and risen to high places in the operatic world. They all originally possessed voices and talent, but they did not become famous until they had run the gauntlet of thorough preparation, which means a great deal more than most American singers who have not studied abroad suppose. Not but that students have plenty of opportunity for the right kind of study right here in New York, but because until they get on the other side of the great pond they do not seem to realize the importance of long continued study as a factor of success. Then they learn from the example of successful singers of various degrees of excellence that unceasing vigilance in the matter of study is the price of success, and that artists continue to study with their teachers after they have been successful in the career five and ten seasons and even longer. They learn that the voice needs constant correction, as defects creep in in the voices of even experienced singers, and that Rome was not built in a day.

American singers are apt to be discouraged if they cannot do it all in a minute. When their ideas change on this point there is every reason to believe that American representatives on the operatic stage will be more numerous. All these things will regulate themselves in due time as touching your proposed scheme, after the first obstacles have been overcome. If the financial support is on a sufficiently broad basis to allow the bark of enterprise to ride over the destructive introductory breakers, we will eventually have an institution which will admit of the American public becoming fully enlightened as to the capacity of

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American singers, and then let us hope that the exception will prove the rule—that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Very sincerely,  
W. WARREN SHAW.

787 Lexington avenue.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1897.

Mr. Winfield Blake:

There is an impression, quite prevalent, that a certain prejudice exists in this country against the works of native American composers of music. To what extent this prejudice prevails can only be learned by examining the programs of musical performances and ascertaining how many American composers are represented. In making such examinations I have seen but a very small proportion of such works on the list, consequently, to my mind, it seems that such a prejudice does exist.

It certainly cannot foster one's patriotism to feel that, as a composer, one is at a great disadvantage from the fact that he happened to be born in this country. It is indisputable that there are many compositions of American authors published in this country which would be much more fully appreciated if they had been originally published in Europe, and the author's name had a foreign pronunciation.

It is, however, equally true that because a piece is composed by a native of this country it should not consequently be performed irrespective of its merit or effectiveness. As far as I am personally concerned, I prefer to have my own compositions stand entirely upon their merit. The mere fact that I happened to be born in Philadelphia, and reside permanently in New York, should not be taken at all into account in weighing the merits of my work. I presume all other native composers feel the same way in the matter.

It strikes one that the United States of America has already arrived at an age among the nations of the world when its citizens should be independent in matters of art and science. It would be a good thing for this country, in a musical sense, if American authors were encouraged to give the world their best efforts and opportunity afforded to have them produced in public performances. Our great cities are certainly large enough to support opera during the entire musical season. If American composers felt assured that there was a chance of having their works examined without bias and, if effective, produced, it would act as a stimulant to them.

In the matter of singers, we have many who have excellent voices and who could be trained and fitted for the operatic stage and do creditable and enjoyable work. If we had musical amateurs of wealth who would support such efforts the thing could be accomplished. The effort now being made to establish "American opera, with American singers," is very commendable and should be encouraged. Many American vocalists, who fail to receive proper recognition in this country, go to foreign cities and, in many instances, receive recognition and become established European favorites. Then, when they have acquired a London or Paris reputation, they are received with open arms in their native country upon their return.

In our efforts to promote native American interests in the matter of music it is not necessary to underrate or exclude foreign compositions or artists. Ours is a cosmopolitan community. Art is universal and good music is good music whether composed by a German or an American, but let us give native talent a chance.

JOHN FRANCIS GILDER.

Stockholm.—A Scandinavian music festival began at Stockholm on June 6, to last four days. Only composers of the Northland will be represented. Grieg and Svendsen will conduct their works in person.



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Angelo M. Read.—The piano pupils of Mr. Angelo M. Read, assisted by Mr. Raymond O. Reister, gave a complimentary recital to the Twentieth Century Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., on June 2.

Marie Parcello.—Miss Marie Parcello sang at the twenty-ninth commencement of the Ossining School, of Sing Sing, on Wednesday, June 9. The diplomas were presented by Dr. Charlotte T. Lewis.

Katharine E. von Klenner.—The pianist and vocal teacher, Mme. Katharine Evans von Klenner, sailed June 12, on the Kaiser Wilhelm, for a three months' vacation in Paris, returning about September 1 to resume her teaching.

Dora Valesca Becker.—Miss D. Valesca Becker has been singing with success at the Cortland Festival concerts, June 3 and 4.

Miss Becker is a performer upon the violin of much more than usual skill in the class of professionals, and she charmed her audience by the sweet tones and wonderful effects which she produced.—*Cortland Evening Standard*.

Miss Dora Valesca Becker in her rendition of Sarasate's beautiful Gypsy Airs won instant recognition as one of the best lady violinists who ever appeared in Cortland. She plays with remarkable skill and finish and gets a deep, pure, rich tone from her violin.

Miss Dora Valesca Becker gave the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's great concerto in the style and finish of an artist.—*Syracuse Post*.

Miss Dora Valesca Becker, of New York, followed Mlle. Verlet with a Sarasate gypsy air. Miss Becker is a wonderful violinist, but has little of the professional manner about her. Her work is straightforward.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

An Arens Pupil.—Mr. Barron Berthold, who sang the tenor role in Berlioz's Flight into Egypt at the recent Indianapolis May Festival, attended divine service at the Second Presbyterian Church to hear the famous Choral Union, F. X. Arens conductor. After service he told the committee and Mr. Arens that he never in his life heard choral singing. He also complimented the soloists very highly. This is what the *Sentinel* has to say of his impressions:

Mr. Barron Berthold attended the Second Presbyterian Church at the services yesterday forenoon and listened to the work of the Choral Union under the direction of Mr. Arens. He praised enthusiastically the work of the union and complimented Mr. Arens with earnestness and sincerity. He referred especially to Mr. Dochez, who sang the prayer from Lohengrin, and said that "a baritone voice of such fullness and richness is not to be found in New York." He advised Mr. Dochez to locate in New York. He also thought that Mrs. Raschig, who sang the Inflammatus, from Rossini's Stabat Mater, would make a great hit in New York if she chose to locate there.

Mr. Dochez is a pupil of Mr. Arens and is one of several pupils to be introduced by Mr. Arens to New York this coming season.

Inez Grenelli.—Madame Inez Grenelli will sing with the Listemann String Quartet next season when her services are required. Her address has been changed to 209 West Eightieth street. Madame Inez Grenelli is the proud possessor of a collection of signed photographs which will be exhibited at the coming convention of the M. T. N. A. The list comprises: Desirée Artôt, Albani, Arnoldson,

#### F. X. ARENS,

Pupil of Prof. Julius Hey, Berlin, 1890-2.  
Principal of Voice Department, Schwantzer Conservatory, Berlin, 1891-2.  
Principal of Voice Department, Indianapolis College of Music, 1892-3.  
President and Principal of Voice Department of the Metropolitan School of Music, Indianapolis, 1893-7.  
Conductor Orchestral Concerts (American Composers' Concerts), European Music Festivals, 1893-7.  
Conductor Indianapolis Choral Union, 1893-7.  
Conductor Indianapolis Children's Select Chorus, 1892-7.  
Conductor Indianapolis May Music Festivals, 1892-6.  
Begs to announce that he will be in New York City from September 15 forward, where he will accept pupils in the

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COURIER Office. (Address of Studio later).

Dudley Buck, Calvé, Carreño, Walter Damrosch, Eames, Edvard Grieg, Chas. Gounod, Heinrich Gudehus, Lillian and Georg Henschel, Paul Hein (Kapellmeister, of Dresden and Baden Baden), Lilli Lehmann, Jules Massenet, Melba, Moszkowski, Theresa Malten, August Manns (Crystal Palace conductor), Nilsson, Emma Nevada, Nordica, Dr. Richard Pohl (Wagner's and Liszt's biographer), Patti, Mariano de Padilla, Anton Rubinstein, Jean and E. de Reszke, Carl Reinecke, Pablo de Sarasate, Seidl, C. Saint-Saëns, Marcella Sembrich, Karl Scheidemantel, Ambroise Thomas, Tosti, P. Tschaikowsky, G. Verdi, Pauline Viardot, Marie Wittich, X. Scharwenka, Joachim, Mascagni.

Lawrence Potter, of Buffalo.—This young pianist, one of Buffalo's successful instructors, has removed to New York city, where he will resume a thorough course in music with Mr. F. W. Riesberg (interrupted by that gentleman's departure from the Bison City) and to accept a position as teacher of the piano. Mr. Potter is bound to succeed, for he has that essential quality, push.

Mrs. H. H. Mill's (Washington, D. C.) Pupils.—Mrs. Mill's writes a New York friend:

My annual public students' concerts are past, and were very successful.

Miss Judson did not sing. Had to be in Baltimore with the Castle Square Opera Company.

Miss Halley and Mr. Luebhart were so triumphant with their work that they sang the second night also.

Miss Halley I shall ultimately place in New York. I want you to hear her! My geese are not all swans, but this girl has the most marvelous, free and almost the biggest mezzo soprano I ever heard. Besides she is extremely talented and modest, and as beautiful as an amazon. Can't she sing somewhere in some church in New York during the summer months? She will be in New York, or near there, and I will send her to sing for you. Mr. Luebhart sang that war song of Hadley (MS.) with great fire and finish.

William Otis Brewster.—Mr. Brewster's choir at the New York Christian Science Temple, Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street (a quartet) will have a vacation of about six weeks. They sing for the last time July 12. They have been doing good work and the congregation is growing so rapidly that a new church is talked of, and a grand organ promised. Mr. Brewster's pupils are nearly all at work and likely to remain in the city until the last of July when he will go to his summer home at Mystic, and latter to a rustic cottage in the Connecticut hills.

His Reflex system has been doing very well indeed, especially among the younger pupils. To them it is novel and pleasing. They soon learn the value of practicing under record, and observe the formation of Reflex, and how to eliminate all stumbling, confused practice. As mental discipline, outside of musical considerations, the benefit must be apparent to all.

Frank H. Tubbs.—Mr. Tubbs closes his season in New York this week to give his whole attention to the meetings of the M. T. N. A., on the executive committee of which he is an active member. The season now closing has been to Mr. Tubbs one of the most active in his successful career. His pupils are largely vocal teachers from various parts of the country and this year he had representatives from twenty-six States. Three students have been with him from Canada also. Among the best voices he has had this season have been those of Mrs. W. A. Nelson, of Bangor, Me.; Mrs. Charles D. Sheridan, of Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Estelle Hester, another Atlanta singer; Mr. Mark C. Baker, formerly of Duluth, Minn., but who will settle at Detroit next season; Mrs. R. S. Doling, of Springfield, Mo.; Miss George H. Jones, of McConnelsville, Ohio, and Mr. Frank Croxton, of Lexington, Ky. Every one of these has a great musical future. Two New York tenors, Mr. W. H. Higgins and Mr. T. B. Bradley, have also been with Mr. Tubbs. These gentlemen and Miss Hester and Mr. Croxton have recently been given desirable church choir posi-

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tions. Mr. Croxton has had engagements in fourteen concerts during the past month. In addition to his teaching Mr. Tubbs has delivered twenty-four lectures before musical audiences, and has sung in recitals which have called for 115 musical selections. All this, which records but a part of his musical activity, shows that Mr. Tubbs' season has been a very busy one. During July and August he will receive pupils at his seashore home near Asbury Park, and his entire time for those two months has long since been engaged. During the winter a beautiful new house has been built for him at Allenhurst, a suburb of Asbury Park, and it is there that his summer teaching will be conducted. Twenty-seven students, nearly all of whom are themselves teachers, will go there to study with him.

**Lambert Engages Zwintscher.**—While in Germany Mr. Alexander Lambert engaged Rudolf Zwintscher as piano teacher for the New York College of Music. Mr. Zwintscher is a brilliant young pianist, son of the well-known specialist of technic at the Royal Conservatory of Leipsic, Germany. Moszkowski played his new piano concerto for Lambert. The latter pronounces it a superior work, even for Moszkowski.

Mr. Lambert was disgusted with the slowness of things generally in Europe. At 3 o'clock men were taking their daily nap; at 3 were still away from their offices, at their coffee in the nearest café, and at 5:30 invariably left for home in order to be ready for the opera, which began at 7. Mr. Lambert himself is a living example of American hustle, pluck and patriotism, though developed entirely in this country, being Polish by birth.

**Homer N. Bartlett's Recent Doings.**—This well-known composer has just finished an Albumleaf for grand orchestra, also the orchestration of his choral work, *The Last Chieftain*, to be given soon in Davenport, Ia. It has been performed here several times, also in Newark, Albany, Troy and Western cities. For his new violin concerto, to be played at the M. T. A. meeting by Hubert Arnold, he has written an elaborate cadenza of sixty measures. A series of twelve new anthems, for solo quartet and boys' voices, is also just out.

Miss Hyacinth Williams is one of his few pupils, and in her he takes a particular interest. She is but fifteen years of age, and plays the second Liszt Rhapsodie (with a cadenza composed especially for her by Mr. Bartlett), to quote her teacher's words, "to make your hair stand on end." He has also agreed to write an extensive work for the Harlem Philharmonic.

Mr. Bartlett's published works now number 164. All this means indefatigable work, with much burning of midnight oil, and the best of it all is that this composer's works steadily improve, and that his music, covering so much in its variety, is in great demand.

**Sousa's Phenomenal Tour.**—John Philip Sousa and his famous band are now on the homestretch of the most remarkable tour ever undertaken by any musical organization in this or any other country. The tour began at Carnegie Music Hall in this city on December 27 last and will reach its last stand on June 19, when Sousa will open at Manhattan Beach for his regular summer season. The itinerary of the tour was outlined and completed before the first date was played, and circumstances have not caused the change of more than half a dozen of all the extended list of concerts. In all some thirty-six States were visited by Sousa and his band, together with one Territory, the District of Columbia, and five Provinces of the Dominion of Canada. When completed a few days hence the tour will have embraced 280 concerts in 196 different towns. The band has given at least one concert a day every day of the tour except five; of these five days three were lost in travel and on the other two the band remained mute because of legal troubles which tied up the business of the organization.

During these six months Sousa and his band have

never lost a concert, although the organization has been in railway accidents, washouts, snow blockades and floods. Traveling 21,000 miles over every principal railroad in the country, not one of the fifty musicians has been ill or injured, and the personnel of the band remains the same as when the tour began with but a single exception. As many as fourteen different towns have been played in a single week frequently, and the lowest number of towns visited in any one week was five, while the general average was ten towns per week. The band usually required about four special trains a week to enable it to meet its engagements, and Sousa's railroad bills have been enough to bankrupt any ordinary traveling organization. John Philip Sousa has conducted each and every one of these 280 concerts in person, and Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, his soprano soloist, has a similarly clean record of appearances. Miss Martina Johnstone, the violinist, lost one concert on receipt of the news of the death of a relative.

**Joseph S. Baernstein.**—Mr. Joseph S. Baernstein, the young basso, had an enthusiastic reception at the concert of the Montclair Club, at their clubrooms Montclair, N. J., on June 8. Mr. Baernstein sang *Patrie*, *Mattei*, and songs by Hartmann and Tosti. His encore, *Im Tiefen*, Keller, displayed his magnificent voice to great advantage.

**Miss Emma K. Denison's "Studio Choral" Society.**—One of the interesting features of the work done by Miss Emma K. Denison this winter at her studio, 98 Fifth avenue, has been that of conducting a choral society, which began work in October last and became known as "The Studio Choral." The members (numbering twenty-five) were ladies and gentlemen, many of whom were pupils of Miss Denison. From these a very excellent male quartet was formed, and these gentlemen have already gained for themselves a good reputation. They are known as the "Lycome Male Quartet," of which the first tenor is W. L. Archer; second tenor, J. C. Lovie; first bass, C. C. Pritchard; second bass, H. B. Bingham.

The choral has given six concerts during the season, at which time part songs were rendered by the society and vocal solos given by various members, an excellent opportunity for Miss Denison's pupils to be heard in public. The assistance was had of a violinist and reciter on these occasions.

The program of the concert given at Weehawken for the Y. M. C. A. Railroad Branch is below; also an excerpt from the *New York Railroad Men* concerning the entertainment at Mott Haven, N. Y.:

Part Song, Who Knows What the Bells Say?	Parker
Recitation, A Jolly Brick.	Phelps
Quartet, The Bridge.	Lindsay
Song (with violin obligato), Happy Days.	Strelzki
Part song, Sleep, Gentle Lady.	Bishop
Duet, Where Are You Going?	Smith
Part song, Estudiantina.	Lacome
Song, In May Time.	Becker
Violin solo, Angel's Serenade.	Braga
Part songs—	
Lady Bird.	Cowen
Spring Song.	Pinsuti
Recitation, Silly Billy.	Brooks
Quartet, Just a Song at Twilight.	Molloy
Song, A Summer Night.	Thomas
Chorus, Bridal Chorus (The Rose Maiden).	Cowen
	Studio Choral.

A complimentary concert was given to our members and friends by the Studio Choral, of New York city, conducted by Miss Emma K. Denison, at Morris Hall, on the evening of April 29. The program consisted of choruses by the society, duets and solos by the Misses Emma K. Denison, Ellen Louise Denison, Rachel Phife, Blanche

Derr, Miss Simons and Mr. Charles C. Pritchard, and recitations by Miss Metta K. Jemison, daughter of one of our members at the Madison Avenue Branch. The work of the choral was commendable, and reflected much credit on the lady who so ably conducted it.

Miss Denison intends resuming her work early next fall.

**Lady Jane Grey Seminary.**—The graduation exercises at the Lady Jane Grey school came to a close with a charming musical on Friday afternoon, June 11, at which were gathered Binghamton's most exclusive society to listen to a delightful program prepared and rendered under the direction of Mr. Chas. Speh, head of the piano department, and Miss Winnifred Williams, who has charge of the singing. Miss Williams is a pupil of Edmund J. Myer, of New York. She sang two songs most artistically, with a well posed, even and sweet contralto voice, and the choruses given under her charge by the young ladies of the school were full of spirit, nice shading and tonal beauty.

Mr. Speh's pupils did his conscientious training great credit in the ensemble numbers as well as in solo work, and applause and encores were frequent. Flowers were used in lavish profusion in decorating the rooms and the beautiful June toilets of the ladies added much to the brilliancy of the occasion. Mrs. J. G. Hyde and her talented daughters, who conduct the school, with the assistance of a well chosen corps of teachers, are to be congratulated on the successful termination of the school year, of which this musical was a delightful close.

**George Hamlin, Tenor.**—Word comes to us again from our Chicago office of the continued successes of George Hamlin, the popular Chicago tenor.

Mr. Hamlin's musical career up to the present time has extended over a period of eight years, during which time he has sung continually in the principal churches of Chicago. From the beginning he has kept up his musical studies and has been under the guidance of the best instructors of Chicago. His first choir position was with Plymouth Church, where he began January 1, 1889. Shortly after that date he accepted the position of tenor in the choir of the Third Presbyterian Church, his teacher, Mr. Frank Baird, being the organist there. This position he held for two years, returning at the end of that time to Plymouth Church. Since then he has sung in the Church of the Messiah, Unity Church, Sinai Temple and Kenwood Evangelical Church choirs, and at present is solo tenor in the Second Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Hamlin's musical training has been entirely confined to Chicago. He is a believer in the ability of our home instructors. Although not doubting the advantage of the musical surroundings abroad and the additional facilities for hearing the finest artists and the best music, as far as instruction is concerned, he believes a student can do quite as well in America. Mr. Hamlin is one of the few singers who realizes and appreciates all the benefit he has received from the valuable instruction of his instructors, beginning with Mr. Frank Baird and including Mr. Wm. Nelson Burritt, Mr. Geo. Ellsworth Holmes, Mr. Clement Tetedoux and Mrs. Florence Magnus. Mr. Hamlin refrained from appearing on the concert platform until he felt he was properly prepared to do so to his own credit and is reaping the results of such good judgment.

His début was made with the Chicago Apollo Club in 1894, since which time his advancement has been extraordinary. Mr. Hamlin has appeared at the Cincinnati May Festival with Nordica and Bispham, under Walter Damrosch's direction, in New York; with Chicago Orchestra, under Theodore Thomas, on several occasions; with Chicago Apollo Club last season (being engaged for two concerts this year), and for three concerts with the Milwaukee Arion Club this season, as well as with the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society and many other important societies and clubs.

Mr. Hamlin has received the highest encomiums from the press upon his recent appearances in the concert room. Here are a few clippings:

The fact that Mr. Hamlin is an American singer in every sense of

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the word is bound to add to the admiration which his singing compels. He sang in a thoroughly artistic manner, and the beautiful quality of his voice was much in evidence. If with All Your Hearts was given with much finish and understanding.—*Chicago Record*.

Mr. Hamlin's reception was enthusiastic and his success certain. He sang the several numbers that fell to his part in a way to please the audience, particularly the first air, If with All Your Hearts.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Mr. Hamlin fully sustained the artistic balance in the solo tenor part.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mr. Hamlin's work was of the sterling merit the Chicago public has learned to expect from him. The air Then Shall the Righteous was particularly pleasing.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Mr. Hamlin's voice is strong and sustaining, besides he is certainly an artist, and one of the best tenors ever heard in Des Moines. His enunciation seemed perfect.—*Des Moines Daily News*.

Mr. Hamlin possesses a voice of wonderful purity, strength and range, which, combined with a true musical temperament, leaves nothing to be desired.—*Des Moines Daily Leader*.

Throughout the season it has been mainly the task of the concert-goer in reviewing Mr. Hamlin's work to note the remarkable gain that he has demonstrated. In the Parsifal music, under Mr. Thomas' direction recently, he made good his title to distinction. By his work yesterday, for instance, in Dvorák's Liebeslied, he distinctly proved himself one of the best tenors in the concert room to-day.—*Chicago Tribune*.

In these days when tenors are so scarce the rapid rise of Mr. Hamlin is particularly opportune. Mr. Hamlin's voice, always remarkable for sweetness and cultivation, is gaining in strength.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

It is a long time since Des Moines has heard so excellent a tenor as Mr. Hamlin. He combines what is found in so few tenors, a delightful voice of clear musical timbre, of wide range and faultless intonation, with thorough artistic qualities. His phrasing and reading leave little to be wished for.—*Des Moines Leader*.

George Hamlin's fine voice instantly lifted the tenor score into conspicuous elegance and beauty. Mr. Hamlin is broadening in method and dramatic strength, he has so beautiful a production of tone and so much charm of delicate and intelligent phrasing that his recitative delivery is particularly delightful.

Mr. Hamlin's chief attraction in oratorio is that his declamation is flawless. Each word and the true note carrying the word is as distinct as a pearl upon a necklace. His voice is round and sympathetic, of exquisite quality and rich in timbre and a certain element of elan essential to dramatic recitative. The greeting applause of the evening was conferred enthusiastically upon Mr. Hamlin after his splendid singing of Ye People Rend Your Hearts and the supplementary air If With All Your Hearts, both of which numbers he sang with great feeling and dramatic instinct. Mr. Hamlin is already one of the most finished and brilliant singers of oratorio in the United States.—*Chicago Daily News*.

**A New Sousa March.**—John Philip Sousa, the "March King," has written a new march which will be given to the public at the opening of the Manhattan Beach season on Saturday, June 19. The new march is said to be one of the most stirring of all the long and popular series of Sousa marches and rejoices in the patriotic title of The Stars and Stripes Forever. It was originally played at the dedication of the Washington monument at Philadelphia last month and created such enthusiasm that even the musical critic of the staid and conservative *Public Ledger* was moved to write in this strain:

The piece has an ambitious title and is something on the jingo order itself, but has the merit of originality and is devoid of any resemblance to the national airs. It is martial throughout and is stirring enough to rouse the American eagle from his crag and set him to shriek exultantly while he hurls his arrows at the aurora borealis.

**Madame Tealdi.**—All the New Haven papers had favorable accounts of the concert of the Verdi Club of that city, under the direction of Madame Tealdi. The concert was well attended, the large audience comprising many of the most distinguished leaders of society.

The Verdi Club, under the direction of Madame Tealdi, is made up of young, fresh voices, with good individual quality and a pleasing harmony of chorus work. The Persian Princess is a light operetta with a melodious theme. The principal roles were well filled, and the choruses of mountaineers and gypsies were graceful in their movements and tuneful in voice. Miss Lillian Margaret Smith, to whom was intrusted the role of Princess Zobeide, was very beautiful in her Oriental trappings and sang her recitative parts well. Miss

Rivers, who was to have sung the role of *Maimouse*, was unable to sing on account of a severe cold, and Miss Hodson sang in her place.

Miss Mabel Studley's Fay Dance was well executed and received much applause. In the preliminary program Madame Tealdi directed the Verdi Club in the selections from The Fisher Maiden, which were capably sung. Special mention should be made of the splendid rendition which Miss Clara Archer gave of the Liszt Rhapsodie.

The Yale Freshman Glee Club, of Yale, added much to the program. Throughout the evening Miss Eleanor May Howd accompanied the singers artistically.—*New Haven Palladium*, June 5.

**Miss Marie Louise Todd.**—The pupils of Miss Marie Louise Todd, assisted by Mr. Edgar Pinchot Crissman, basso, gave a studio musicale at the Horton Building, West 125th street, on June 8, the last of the season. Despite the rain, that came down in torrents, a good sized audience was present, and was most enthusiastic in applause. We have spoken before of the technic and general excellence that always characterize these musicales, and this last one only served to make more apparent the marked ability of Miss Todd in developing what talent a pupil may possess and giving confidence and security in playing.

The pupils, as usual, played without notes. The playing of everyone was worth listening to, which is saying something, when pupils' musicales are spoken of.

Mr. Crissman, basso, who assisted Miss Todd, has a fine voice and sings with genuine feeling. The following interesting program was given:

Sonata, op. 58, allegro.....	Beethoven
Nocturne.....	Miss Helen M. Wright
Whims.....	Grieg
Herbstgefühl.....	Schumann
Still wie die Nacht.....	Bohm
Curious Story.....	Heller
L'Avalanche.....	Master Pearson Halstead
Purling Spring.....	Schytte
Ballet, Mignon.....	Wachs
Nocturne.....	Chopin
Polonaise, op. 26, No. 2.....	Chopin
Les Spectres.....	Schytte
Poème Érotique.....	Grieg
Tarantelle in A flat.....	Chopin
Bedouin Love Song.....	Pinsuti
Air de Ballet, No. 1.....	Chaminade
Papillon.....	Grieg
Soirées de Vienne.....	Schubert-Liszt
	Miss Christina Isherwood

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THE New York College of Music will organize an opera class, which will be a great opportunity to all wishing to study grand opera. Mr. Lambert is now negotiating with one of the most eminent European opera conductors to take charge of this class; lessons will be given in College Hall, and those who wish to equip themselves completely will have the benefit of a teacher in acting and stage deportment. We look forward to some very fine work, as surely a great many of our most talented, rising singers of both sexes will avail themselves of this opportunity.

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## Artists for America.

BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.,  
June 5, 1897.

THAT irrepressible R. E. Johnston has been gleaning the European field for the past two weeks for artists of all kinds. He has really had a very busy time of it, and from his call the other morning I secured a list of some he has already engaged. He said:

"For the coming season, beginning about November 1, 1897, I have already signed contracts with Madame Nordica for a tour of forty concerts, including California. For this tour there will be at least three supporting artists. I have also engaged Mme. Blanche Marchesi for forty recitals in America; and, as you must know, the great Ysaye. I have also engaged the violoncellist Gerardy. Naturally, Pugno, the Parisian pianist and the intimate friend of Ysaye, goes. Pugno goes to America because it is the wish of Ysaye. Lachaume, the French pianist, will support Gerardy.

"Young Josef Hofmann goes to America for a season of sixty concerts, playing one-half of them at least with orchestra.

"Guilmant, the great organist, also has been engaged for a short season in America; but this is not for me, it is for another party who is more interested in the organ than I am. I have also engaged for a season of sixty concerts the basso Pol Plançon. This artist will sing principally in the cities where he has not been heard.

"I have arranged through Mr. Maurice Grau for the Metropolitan Opera House for eight consecutive Sundays, beginning November 28, and M. Anton Seidl will take part in each performance. The various artists whom I have engaged for this season will appear as soloists.

"Now, for next season—that means the season of 1898-9—I have been fortunate enough to secure such eminent artists as Carrefio, Nevada, César Thomson, Abell, the violinist and pupil of Thomson, and for a number of years special violin correspondent on the Continent for THE MUSICAL COURIER, and Elandi, the eminent American dramatic soprano. Besides making these engagements I have interested myself for other friends, whose names I cannot mention in this letter. First, I have placed the comic opera Wang in London; second, I have arranged to place in New York a French comedy for an eminent French composer and a friend of Ysaye. I have also arranged with two vaudeville artists for one of the first music hall managers of New York. The names of these vaudeville artists I am not prepared to publish now.

"I will return to America as soon as possible, not because I am tired of this country for itself, but because I am overrun with applications day and night from the almost endless number of European artists who are seeking to make their fortunes on the other side." F. V. A.

## SEASON 1897-8.



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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
236 Wabash avenue, June 12, 1897.

ONE most pleasant and interesting fact to be recorded this week is the engagement of the services of Mr. Walter Spry as director of the Conservatory of Music at Quincy, Ill. The trustees could have made no better choice, as, while he is young, with modern, up to date views, he is a most capable musician of sterling qualities. I told you in November last of the excellent impression made when Mr. Spry played here, and in what favorable terms all the critics spoke of his performance, saying that he was a pianist more than commonly gifted. He is not only a fine pianist, but an organist of great power, and one of whom Mr. Clarence Eddy wrote: "I take great pleasure in recommending Mr. Walter Spry to any church desiring a *musician* as well as *executant*, one whose tastes and standards are of the highest."

It is Mr. Spry's intention not only to supervise the Conservatory of Music at Quincy, but also to teach, and in addition to give organ and piano recitals, as he has already been offered several engagements in Chicago, notably with the Spiering Quartet. He is one who can conscientiously be called an artist, and he is also a composer of considerable merit and a thorough harmonist. At the same time he is a linguist and an educated gentleman, so it seems that the trustees of the Quincy conservatory may be congratulated upon their new director. That he is the most capable pianist that has appeared here lately is acknowledged, and that his playing showed the result of fine instruction and study must be self-evident to any who understand piano art. Mr. Spry was six years abroad, where he had the benefit of the advice from such masters as Rudorff, Leschetizky, Bargiel, Rousseau and some other equally noted professors.

His recent appearances in concert and recital work are fresh in the memory of musical people in Chicago, as is his recital at the Kent Theatre of the Chicago University, where he played a program of Beethoven, Chopin, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns and Liszt works. Mr. Spry is also a writer of no mean ability on musical subjects, as is shown by his contributions to the London *Magazine of Music*.

\* \* \*

It is somewhat late in the year to attempt a concise review of the musical season just past, which it must be conceded was disappointing. The principal factor in music life here, I suppose, would be the Chicago Orchestra, and this organization was the greatest sufferer from the disaffection of the artists engaged, and from its own internal managerial disagreements and strife among the members.

With regard to the artists, some were disappointing in performance, others failed to appear, the consequence being that many of the public who held season tickets last year have refused to subscribe again for the next season, as they say it is preferable to go to a single concert when some known artist is to be heard than be compelled to listen to some of the tiresome programs given last season.

Then, again, next year there will be a still further depleted orchestra, as not only are Max Bendix, Theodore Spiering, Adolf Wiedig, Herman Diestel, Otto Roehrborn and, it is said, Bruno Steindel out of the organization, but six others have left. This practically makes a new, untried orchestra of men who have achieved no prominence among musicians, and many of whose names are absolutely unknown.

So far the orchestral managers have merely announced their intention of continuing in business for the next sea-

son, and say that Chaminade, Marteau and a reader have been engaged. I also understand that Mr. Klammssteiner, a cellist from Pittsburgh, has been engaged to take the place of Mr. Bruno Steindel, but this surely would be the most ill advised action on the part of the orchestra. It was bad enough to allow Eugene Boegner and Wendel to go, but it cannot afford to lose a man who has been a most prominent member and certainly one of the best cellists that could be obtained. Whether Mr. Klammssteiner be the leading cellist or not, still I know he has been offered an engagement.

\* \* \*

Mr. Leopold Godowsky will leave Chicago next Tuesday, sailing the following Saturday for Europe, where he will spend the summer. His return here is timed for the latter part of October, when he will fulfill many concert engagements already made. His contract with the Chicago Conservatory is based upon the most advantageous terms, and Mr. Godowsky will be heard considerably more next season, as the agreement with Mr. Kayser does not preclude his concertizing. As, in the opinion of many critics, Mr. Godowsky's technic is considered the equal of any living pianist, the fact that his return to Chicago has been definitely decided upon will be welcome news.

\* \* \*

Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason has nearly completed a new work on harmony, which will embody some of the results of twenty-five years' experience, both as teacher and practical composer. The plan of the work is unusually progressive and aims by simplifying many portions of the study to conduct the student more easily over the difficulties involved. It is believed that a number of new features, not alone as regards subject matter, but also methods of treatment will be of special value to the student.

It has been the author's aim to recognize the great advances which harmonic science has made during the last fifty years, due chiefly to the labors of Richard Wagner and those who have followed in his footsteps, and to utilize some of this new material in dealing with the subject, so as to place it within the reach of the student.

Bicknell Young will give a song lecture at Alton June 16, and at Carthage the 17th, describing the development of the song form, and giving a program of vocal illustrations covering its various epochs. Mrs. Young will accompany.

Mr. Young sang at Albion this week with great success. He seems to be one of the artists whose genuine ability is recognized everywhere. Judging by the number of engagements Mr. Young has had this season he cannot complain of dull times.

Miss Mary Wood Chase leaves Chicago next Tuesday for the summer months, but will not be idle, as she has several engagements to fulfill before her return in September.

Miss Emily Parsons, a young pianist from Chicago, who exhibited so much talent that it was thought advisable to send her abroad for the purpose of gaining a better insight into music and obtain more artistic surroundings, has, I hear, been progressing famously. Playing at a soirée recently she was personally complimented by Herr Barth, who expressed himself as very satisfied with her performance. Miss Parsons, when here, studied with Mr. Wilhelm Middelhauve, who was one of the first to recognise her talent and pronounced the opinion that she would accomplish much if properly directed, and when Mr. Middelhauve makes such a statement it may certainly be accepted as the very best omen for a young artist to act upon.

Signor Angelo Patricolo's pupils announce a concert to be given June 17. They will have Mrs. L. Brody assist vocally. As she is the pupil of Signor de Campi it is only reasonable to anticipate that she will be well worth hearing. It is noticeable that even if there is but little voice any singer studying with Signor de Campi will give an intelligent interpretation and do good work, and I have upon several occasions been witness of the excellent effect produced by those who owe their instruction to this justly esteemed master.

Earl Drake will play at the commencement exercises at Waterman College, Sycamore, Ill. Mr. Drake has been not only busy with his numerous pupils, but has also been very successfully engaged in concert work both out of and in town. His pupils recently gave a remarkable program,

which was highly commended from an interpretative and artistic standpoint. I understand that Mr. Tracy Holbrook, one of Mr. Drake's most talented pupils, has received an offer from a manager to go on tour. The following was the program:

Sonata for piano and violin, op. 8.....	Grieg
Mrs. Crane and Mr. Clark.....	
Polonaise Brilliant.....	Wieniawski
Mr. Crandall.....	
Fantaisie on Faust.....	Wieniawski
Mrs. Morgan.....	
Vocal, Una voce poco fa—Barber of Seville.....	Rossini
Miss Delafontaine.....	
Ballad and Polonaise.....	Vieuxtemps
Miss Garfield.....	
Legende.....	Wieniawski
Mr. Clark.....	
Piano—	
Melody.....	F. U. Haines
Valse, E minor.....	Chopin
Mrs. Crane.....	
Andante and finale from first concerto.....	David
Miss Nichola.....	
Andante and finale from concerto.....	Mendelssohn
Adagio and finale from first concerto.....	Bruch
Mr. Holbrook.....	

FLORENCE FRENCH.

#### Noble Efforts.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

In line with your noble efforts in behalf of American singers it will please you to know the expressed opinion of the distinguished American dentist to the German imperial family at Berlin, Dr. Sylvester, who has just visited his native land upon the special invitation of the Pennsylvania State Association, The Cincinnati.

When in St. Paul upon a flying visit he heard the favorite soprano singer of the Twin Cities, Miss Florence Marion Pace, a young lady of great beauty and promise. He was astonished and delighted, not only with the pure quality of her voice, but its excellent training (entirely local) and remarked that "he could see no reason why Americans should import European singers when such magnificent artists were to be found in our own country." This coming from a resident of Berlin, a man of culture and taste, whose patronage of art is well known, emphasizes the justice of the principles your paper has so courageously expressed, and which finds a hearty response throughout the entire United States.

G. S. P.

**Verlet—Becker—Littlehales—Westervelt at Cortland Festival.**—Mahan's twenty-third annual festival took place at Cortland, May 31 to June 4, inclusive, and was no exception to the previous successful events of former years.

Dr. H. R. Palmer, of New York, conducted, and Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, of Boston, accompanied at the piano. On Thursday night a miscellaneous program was given, and the soloists were Mlle. Alice Verlet, who as usual scored a great success with her piquant, winning presence as well as by her most artistic singing; Miss Dora Valesca Becker and Miss Lillian Littlehales, who both gave great pleasure by their fine playing. On Friday night Beethoven's seldom given Mount of Olives was the principal work, with Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, of New York, Mr. Geo. Oscar Bowen, of Cortland, and Mr. Geo. H. Downing, of Binghamton, as soloists.

Miss Westervelt looked charming as usual, and sang an ungrateful part very creditably. Mr. Bowen sustained the trying tenor recitations and arias with a becoming sense of their meaning, as well as with beauty and fullness of tone, and in the short solo part of *Peter* as well as in the trio Mr. Downing's fine baritone afforded the greatest satisfaction. A chorus of 250 voices assisted. The audiences were good and were appreciative of the good work of both soloists and chorus.

**SPECIAL TO PIANO STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.**

—Mr. Nathan Gans, pianist and teacher, of New York, will conduct a Summer School for the study of the Virgil Method at Sutro Hall, Baltimore, Md., commencing May 24 and continuing throughout the summer. Special course for teachers begins July 6. Private and class instruction. For further information address Sutro Hall, Baltimore, where Mr. Gans may be seen daily from 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M. by all interested in the latest developments in piano study and teaching. Appointments cheerfully granted.

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## Cablegram.

PARIS, June 18, 1897.

Musical Courier, New York:

**I**MENSE audience and great enthusiasm at Clarence Eddy's concert Trocadero yesterday. Rose Ettinger and Clarence Whitehill also scored emphatic successes.

## Music Items.

**Fergusson.**—The eminent baritone Geo. W. Fergusson is singing with much success in London. Among the many prominent engagements this month is one at the house of the Marquis of Bute.

**Hans Kronold.**—Mr. Chapman has engaged Mr. Hans Kronold for a concert on June 23 at Larchmont with the Apollo Sixteen, and for the music festival, in addition to two or three dates in summer. Mr. Kronold advises his friends that he has moved to No. 132 East Forty-seventh street.

**M. T. N. A. Convention.**—In connection with the M. T. N. A. Mlle. Corradi will appear at the organ recital to be given by William C. Carl Saturday, the 26th, at 4 p. m., at the First Presbyterian Church, and will sing The Réverie, by Guilmant, Le que dit le Silence, with piano and organ accompaniment. Mlle. Corradi will be also on the reception and musical literature committees.

**Verlet.**—The charming soprano Mlle. Alice Verlet gives her own recital in Buffalo at the Twentieth Century Club on Thursday evening, June 17, under the patronage of leading society women. She will be assisted by Mr. John Lund, the well-known director of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra.

**Anthony Stankowitch.**—The director of the Virgil Piano School of Chicago, Anthony Stankowitch, has been invited to play a recital before the Illinois Music Teachers' Association at their next meeting, which will be held at Kankakee in June.

**Virgil Piano School of Chicago.**—This institution, which is under the able direction of Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, is just closing a very successful season. This has been the first year of the institution and introduction of the Clavier and Virgil method in Chicago and the West, and the results have been very satisfactory indeed.

The attendance has been large and the pupils have evinced great interest in the work, which to many is quite new. Under the able direction of Mr. Stankowitch the great advantages of the Virgil method have received splendid illustration and interpretation. This school will be open all summer for the benefit of those wishing to continue their regular study; also a summer course of five weeks, beginning July 6, has been organized. In this an excellent opportunity is offered to the musical world of the West to familiarize itself with the Virgil method.

**Charles Jerome Coleman, Organist.**—Mr. Coleman has a most delightful position at the French P. E. Church, and has received many congratulations from rector and congregation for the great improvement in the music. He has a large class of vocal pupils, and there are no intimations of stopping for the summer, which may prevent him taking a much needed vacation.

**Eleanore Meredith for Worcester Festival.**—Miss Meredith has already been engaged for the Worcester Festival, where she was such a success (in The Messiah) last year. She will sing The Redemption (Gounod) on Tuesday evening, September 21, and concert numbers. The management tendered her twice as large a fee as last year. She

will also be the principal soloist for the Round Lake Festival, and has declined an offer to sing in August at the festival at Los Angeles, Cal., as it would rob her of a large share of her vacation study period. Miss Meredith's new position at Temple Beth-El was the direct outcome of her Messiah singing with the People's Choral Union in Carnegie Hall, under Frank Damrosch.

**Incorporated.**—The Society of Musical Arts of New York City was incorporated on June 11 for the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music, and to encourage operatic, dramatic and musical performances, as well as social intercourse among its members. Among the incorporators are Preble Tucker, P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr., John Dufais, George H. McLean, Charles T. Mathews and J. Norman De R. Whitehouse.

[The society has a great title, but the music referred to covers chiefly the vaudeville artists. We are getting musical art into a delightful condition here.]

**Elliott Schenck Conducting Every Day.**—The first two weeks at Willow Grove are over, and the New York Symphony Orchestra is a success. Two concerts are given daily, a matinee conducted by Mr. Elliott Schenck and an evening concert conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch. Mr. Schenck is enjoying success and popularity. Thousands visit Willow Grove every day and bestow generous applause upon this young American.

Mr. Schenck is showing himself to be a very versatile conductor, as the accompanying list will show, and we are glad to hear of his successes, for he has worked patiently for the past three years at work which did not give him much opportunity for the display of his talents. Some of the works he has been conducting are:

Overtures—Tell, Tannhäuser, Rienzi, Jubel, Euryanthe, Mignon, Zampa.

Marches—March Slav, Tannhäuser, Prophet, Aida, Mendelssohn Wedding, Schubert Military and Hungarian, Beethoven's Turkish, Wagner Kaiser.

Symphonies, &c.—Dance of Death, Saint-Saëns; E flat symphony, Mozart; Peer Gynt, Grieg; Costume Ball, Rubinstein; Henry VIII, Saint-Saëns.

All this and much of a lighter order, such as waltzes, gavots, serenades, &c., has Mr. Schenck been conducting and with great success.

**Mme. d'Arona's Article.**—Mme. Florenza d'Arona has, at the suggestion of THE MUSICAL COURIER, written on the subject of the Mental and Physical Tone which she is to read before the convention of the Music Teachers' National Association, to be held in New York on the 28th inst. The first publication of this paper will be presented to the readers of these columns on June 30.

**A Gift to Cappiani.**—Madame Cappiani, the celebrated singing teacher, was recently the recipient of a magnificent dagger, inlaid with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, presented to her by one of her prominent pupils, Miss Mathilda Hallam, the solo contralto of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, of which choir Dudley Buck is the director. This beautiful gift was a token of Miss Hallam's great appreciation of her teacher's tuition.

**New York State Music Teachers' Convention.**—Among the recent soloists who have definitely engaged to appear

at Binghamton, N. Y., on July 6, 7 and 8, are the brilliant young organist William C. Carl, known from one end of the United States to the other; Mr. William Edward Mulligan, the well-known organist of Saint Mark's P. E. Church, whose recent piano and organ recital at Presbyterian Assembly Hall was one of the features of the season, and Mr. Alberto Jonás, the Spanish pianist, who, with Mr. William H. Sherwood, will divide the chief pianistic honors.

The reception to the members after the first evening concert promises to be a pleasing feature; it will be held at the Presbyterian Church parlors, immediately opposite the Opera House. The first vice-president for New York, Mr. Riesberg, was in Binghamton recently in the interests of the organization, spending three days there. He found universal interest everywhere, Miss A. L. Benson, Mr. W. H. Hoerner, Mr. Charles Speh and others of the local committee having been unusually active in the matter. Mayor Geo. E. Green is the chairman of the executive committee, and anything he handles is bound to go. The convention chorus already numbers over a hundred, and is rehearsing twice a week under Mr. Frank Beman.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic and the Congregational churches, where the organ recitals will be held, are fine, modern edifices, the former with an up to date three manual organ; the latter has also a very satisfactory instrument. At a general open meeting of the profession there was a large gathering of musical folk, and genuine interest manifested. The *Saturday Chronicle* publishes every week several fine half-tone pictures, with biographical sketches of the artists—Mrs. Sawyer, McKinley and Carl being the subjects last week—and the daily papers are doing their share. The local canvasser obtained a satisfactory amount of advertisements for the Advance and Official programs; the Advance Program, a handsomely gotten up booklet of fifty-six pages, is to be issued this week by the Blumenberg Press.

**The Misses Gaul.**—The Misses Cecilia and Marie Gaul, of Baltimore, will spend their vacation abroad and sailed on June 16. Miss Cecilia Gaul has been appointed as one of the professors of the piano department at the Peabody Institute. Miss Marie Gaul will assist Professor Minetti in the vocal department. These are the first lady instructors engaged at the conservatory since Madame Auerbach's departure, fifteen years ago.

**An American Baritone.**—George Edmund Dwight, an American baritone, has recently returned from Milan, where he has passed the last three years, studying with Maestri, Blasco, Marino, Buzzi, Peccia and others. Before leaving the United States he took a most beneficial course of training with Sig. Campanari, the famous baritone, at whose advice he went to Europe to finish his studies. Be-

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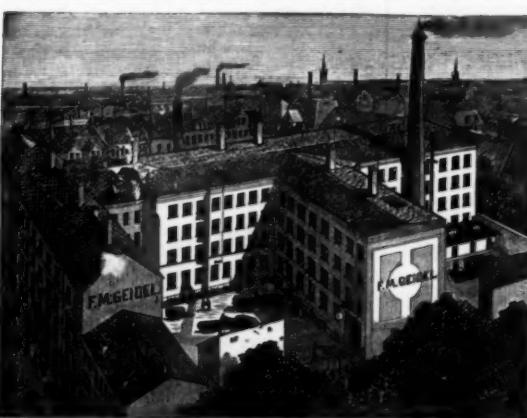
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fore his return he sang at Ancona, *Valentine* in *Faust* and *Alphonso II Re* in *La Favorita*, with success. He should meet with excellent opportunities in America, as he returns well equipped.

Mr. Dwight has the French and Italian as well as local repertory; has taken the best of what a foreign market affords, but chooses to keep his American name and associations free from prefixes or suffixes, that he may identify himself with American art and musicians rather than cater to tradition, which is fast being dispelled by the concentrated rays of fact and reason. His present address will be at the Hardware Club, this city.

**Louise St. John Westervelt.**—The young soprano, Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, has met with great success in her various performances, as may be seen from the subjoined notices from various newspapers in the Western part of the State and elsewhere.

CORTLAND, June 5.—Mahan's twenty-third annual music festival had a brilliant closing with the fourth concert last night in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The festival choir of 300 voices showed the effect of Dr. Palmer's faithful drilling in the execution of Beethoven's masterpiece, *The Mount of Olives*.

Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, the charming soprano, was then led to the footlights by Dr. Palmer, amid the plaudits of the audience. She sang *Because*, by Cowen, and the *Blackbird*, by Harris, and in response to a hearty encore sang *He Loves Me*, and retired amid great applause.

Miss Westervelt also sang a waltz air from *Mireille*, by Gounod, and responded to the encore with *The Widow Bird*, by Lidgey.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, who possesses a clear, sweet soprano voice, used it with fine effect at each appearance both afternoon and evening, and kindly responded to encores at each appearance. Last evening she was presented with two elegant bouquets by friends.—*Cortland Evening Standard*.

The past week in the musical circles of Albany has been a quiet one. The only affair of any note was the Crescendo Club's musical Tuesday night, its forty-seventh. A number of invited guests were present. Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, of New York, had been induced by Mme. de Roode to assist the club, and the songs she sang added much to the pleasure of the evening. She has a rare sweet voice, not remarkable in quality nor very full, but her freedom from searching after dramatic effect, her real artistic simplicity of style, made her singing pleasurable, and filled her hearers with a desire to listen longer to her. Added to that a charming and attractive personality perhaps has much to do with her success.—*Albany Argus*.

The forty-seventh musical of the Crescendo Club took place last evening at the home of the president, Mrs. Frederick Townsend. The club had the assistance of Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, of New York, Mr. Edward Bowditch and Mr. Frank Sill Rogers. Miss Westervelt is a vocalist of a rare type. Her voice is not large, nor is it remarkable in quality, but her tones are pure, firm and sweet, and while she indulges in no "vibrato," nor any other affectation for dramatic effect, she never fails to delight her hearers by the

charm of her magnetic personality and her truly artistic simplicity of style. She is the intimate friend of Mme. de Roode, and it was through the good offices of that lady that the club and its guests enjoyed this added pleasure.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

The annual reception by the Monday Afternoon Club was held last evening at the Casino of the Union County Country Club, and was perhaps more largely attended than any previous one given by the club.

The musical program consisted of several solos by the soprano, Miss Westervelt, of New York, whose charming voice won for her many encores; 'cello selections by Professor Egner, of New York, whose playing possessed a rare merit and was applauded heartily. The accompanist was Frank Smith, the organist of the Crescent Avenue Church, who is too well known to Plainfield music lovers to need other comment.—*Plainfield Gazette*.

The annual reception of the Monday Afternoon Club was held at the Casino last evening, and it was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. A short program was presented, which included soprano solos by Miss Louise St. John Westervelt, of New York, accompanied on the piano by F. J. Smith, organist of the Crescent Avenue Church, and several solos by Philip Egner, 'cellist, of New York. The selections were cordially received and a number of encores were given.—*Plainfield News*.

**First Convention of Woman's Department, M. T. N. A.**

—Program for Auditorium, Grand Central Palace, Forty-second street, New York, Friday, June 25, 1897, 2 o'clock. Mrs. Theodore Sutro, president.

Inaugural Address by the president, Mrs. Theodore Sutro.

Piano solo, suite..... Miss Emma J. Banks

Address, The Value of Womanhood in the World's Work..... Smith

Contralto solo, Passions..... Miss Fannie Morris Smith

Ring Out, Wild Bells..... Mrs. A. Hutchinson Patton Hawes

Miss Marguerite von Mitzlaff

Address, Science in Music, Miss Charlotte W. Hawes

Trio, New York Ladies' Trio..... Cecil Chaminade

Miss Mabel Phipps, Miss Flavie van den Hende, Miss Dora

Valesca Becker

Address, Patriotic Music.....

Mrs. Donald McLean Regent of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Violoncello solos—

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Leonard E. Auty.  
Jean de Reszke.  
"Impresario."  
Merchon & Co.  
Mme. Marie Van Duyn.  
Emil Ober-Heffer.  
Professor R. Herman. (Marked important. Sent by Dr. Sylvester, Berlin.)  
Arthur Clark.  
Mr. Austin Stultz.  
Franklyn Wallace.  
Blanche Wallace.  
Lillian Blauvelt.  
Miss Lizzie Annerdale.  
Mrs. Clara L. Kellogg-Strakosch.  
Mr. Walter H. McIlroy.  
Oliver F. Slade.  
J. Philip Souza.  
Mme. G. Valda.  
August Waither.

### MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Miss Claude Albright.  
Leonard E. Auty.  
B. B.  
Bernard Bockelmann.  
Winfred Blake.  
Lillian Carlsmith.  
Mr. Frank Downey.  
Emil Fischer.  
Doctor B. Hemmersbach.  
Rafael Josephy.  
Mrs. Adelaide Jungnickel.  
Mme. Julie Rive-King.  
I. J. Lebon.  
Ad. Neuendorff.  
M. Panzini.  
Mme. Annie L. C. Raymond.  
Saper Ronnaldo.  
Mrs. R. Sapiro.  
Mr. Thos. F. Shannon.  
Mrs. Ida Hackett Springer.  
J. F. Von der Heide.  
Miss Amelia Heineberg.

**Marie Barna Coming.**—Marie Barna has been engaged for nine months for America by Anton Seidl.

**Music Teacher Wanted.**—A music teacher who can play the violin and understands orchestral instruments, and who can teach harmony and lecture on musical history, can secure an excellent position by addressing "University," care of this paper, stating fee required and giving professional record. Unmarried man preferred.

**Vert in Town.**—Mr. N. Vert, of London, is in the city, en route for Canada. Mr. Vert has been managing the tour of Miss Trebelli in South Africa and Australia. He returns to England in a few days.

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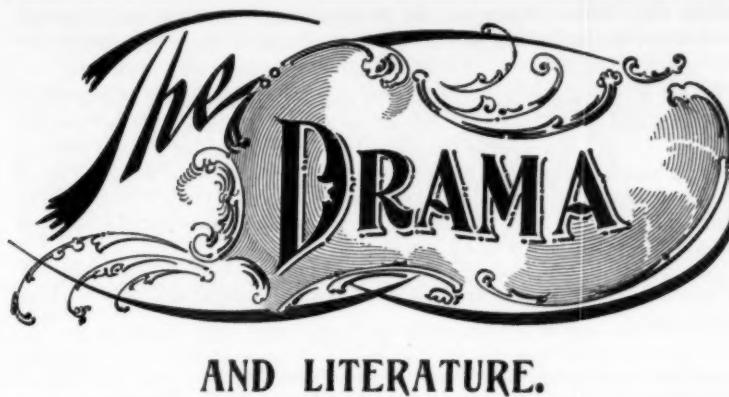
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## WE WANT IT.

THE men who conduct trusts are trustees. As it now stands the career of the American actor is controlled by trustees, but, unlike trustees under legal restraint, these trustees of a new order are responsible only to themselves. Hence the army of actors, controlled by irresponsible trustees, stands without the refuge of an appeal. Salary, position, future, reputation, capital—in short, the whole career of the American actor, is in the hands of a bloodless, moneymaking trust and the artist becomes a mere machine, part of the machinery playing.

Should one or any of them become recalcitrant they are dismissed, just as a stubborn screw in an engine is thrown into the street.

Under these circumstances there can be no dramatic development in America, although the final development may be highly dramatic. Art is entirely out of the question, for the principle is profit, and art is merely a means toward that end. Whenever art is not the end in itself there can be no art; hence there can be no art in the trust except the art of the trust—a modern art, a great, wonderful art, alluring, fascinating and temporarily satisfying.

The drama in America is deplorable and, for the time being, hopeless. The actors can have no stimulus except to settle down as automatons and draw their stipends with assured regularity, for the trust is wealthy and is prompt. No one can cope with it, for to cope with it would require a counter trust, and that would be worse than the original body, for it would be a mere imitation.

But there is one thing to be said in its favor: the people of the United States want it. Our people do not patronize the legitimate drama. They want comic opera with horse show on the order of De Wolf Hopper and his followers, or if not that they will pay largely for farces, for vaudevilles, for indescribable patchwork replete with incongruities, or for absurd variety shows. We want all this rot managed by a solid firm of trustees who make it sure for us, and who will guarantee its production in its chain of theatres, so that New York can have no monopoly of it. We are getting exactly what we want, and if we did not want it we could not have it. There is no trust of any kind in these United States which could last five minutes if the people were not favorable to it. All this nasty show business which has long since nauseated the intelligence is required by the bulk of the people, by the masses. The trust is not educating us; we have educated the trust. A few great actors could have prevented a trust; there are no such actors here. Great actors cannot exist here because we cannot sustain them. Even the English actors that come here are not great actors; merely great English actors.

Long live the trust! It supplies what we long for, and as long as it understands how to pander to our vicious and depraved taste it will live, and this particular trust appears to have made a science of understanding the taste of the public.

SEYMOUR HESS, who died last Saturday at the residence of his father, Jacob Hess, was a light comedian of ability and was in The Passing Show and other burlesques. Mr. Hess leaves a widow, who was Florence Carlyle, the actress, before marriage.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, London, is the Dramatic and Musical Section. Seven stages have been erected, and on each is represented a scene from some well-known play as performed in a London theatre. There is a scene from Charles I. at the Lyceum, one from Rosemary at the Criterion, one from As You Like It at the St. James', one from Black Eyed Susan at the Adelphi, one from Hamlet as performed at the Haymarket under Mr. Beerbohm Tree's régime, one from Aladdin at Drury Lane and one from The Mikado at the Savoy. There is also a collection of portraits of all the great English and some of the more famous American actors and actresses of the period. Madame Vestris, Macready, Liston, Jefferson—to say nothing of actors and actresses still living—are among those whose pictures find a place upon the walls, while there are many relics of the stage in bygone days which will recall the fame and the achievements of past generations of playwrights and actors. In the architectural room are many pictures and plans showing the construction of theatres in the Victorian Era. Numerous portraits of eminent musicians and composers are shown, and the history of music within the period comprised by the exhibition may be traced without difficulty by the pictures on the walls.

## HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

THAT flippant but efficient person, Max Simon Nordau, has just issued what Mr. Zangwill would call a "prospectus of faith." It might perhaps be better described as a little essay on How to Get On in the World. It may be there is a little irony in it. I like to fancy so, for I should regret to think that even Max of the tribe of the Simons was quite as cynical as all this comes to. And yet his teachings are fairly well exemplified in his own life, which is, I am glad to report, agreeably successful.

Eh, bien! here is M. Nordau's little lesson in scientific morality, which we have agreed is to be called How to Get On in the World:

"No modesty, if you wish to cut a figure in the world. Humble yourself and others will humble you. Let another take the wall of you and the public will think it belongs to him. Speak of your own unworthiness, say that your works are insignificant, your merits slight, and your auditors will make haste to spread this judgment abroad—without citing the author.

"To appear is much more important than to be. Drink as much wine as you please, but preach water.

"Guard yourself from being benevolent; with that you will never succeed. Your rivals will despise you, your enemies will jeer you, your protectors will find you a bore.

"Have a sharp tongue, and venomous as a serpent. Your words should be sulphuric acid, and leave a scar wherever they fall.

"Make yourself feared, and do not bother about getting yourself hated at the same time. The cowards, who form the great majority, will treat you as savage populations treat a malevolent fetish; they will flatter you and offer you sacrifices to keep you in good humor; the others, to be sure, may pay you in your own coin; but see your advantage, if to the hostile remarks of one of these who calumniate you you can respond lightly: 'The poor wretch is trying to get even; you know what I have always thought and said of him!'

Every unfavorable judgment passed on you will lose all its value in the eyes of the crowd, if you have had the wit to say something nasty first about all those who can criticise you; because then you point out that their criticisms are merely attempts at revenge.

"Beware of troubling yourself about the good will and opinion of your equals. Your equals are your rivals. The great majority of them wish, as you do, for success, and nothing but success, and their place is diminished by your growth. Expect neither kindness nor justice from them. They exaggerate and gossip about your faults and are wisely silent about your good qualities. For your part you have to do with only two kinds of men—the great mass underneath you and a few influential persons who hold in their hands honors, places—in a word, advancement. You should adapt yourself to the laws of a double optic and learn to carry yourself so that, seen from below, you will look very big, and very little seen from above.

"The crowd ought to believe that you are a genius of extraordinary power, while the chiefs and high priests of your estate should, on the contrary, look upon you as a laborious mediocrity, good intentioned, swearing by the words of his masters, spreading their glory, and ready to die rather than obscure by any criticism or any works of his own.

"The poorer you are the more gorgeously should you carry yourself. Dress richly, dwell in a sumptuous apartment, live as if you had an entailed estate in Golconda. But that costs money? Evidently; and it costs much. And since you haven't any? Alons! make debts—there are few ladders whereby one can mount so fast and high.

"Wear a rusty coat, live in a garret, eat dry bread and make no debts; you will see the result. The dogs will bark at you, the policemen will look at you with a suspicious eye, proper people will double lock the door at your approach. The very grocer, for whom you are an excellent customer, will not take the slightest interest in you from the moment you have handed him your cash.

"On the other hand, get everything on credit, "tick" it where you can, and your situation will change in the twinkling of an eye. You will be able to enjoy all the pleasures the poor wretch has to deny himself. Your very look will predispose people in your favor. And then you will have a bodyguard, or rather collaborators in your success—ardent and fanatic collaborators. Because every creditor is a friend, a protector, a zealous aid. He will let no one say ill of you. He will throw himself into the fire for you.

"Never a father would take as much trouble for you as a creditor will. The more you owe him, the greater is his interest in seeing you prosper. He watches to see that no one harms a hair of your head, for your life is his money. He trembles when a danger menaces you; your death would end his debt. Have many creditors, my son, and your future will be assured. They will put you in possession of a rich woman, a high position, a good reputation. The most incomparable investment of capital is to use the money of others to gild one's own existence.

"Instead of wasting your time in severe and conscientious labor, employ it in studying the defects of the crowd and profiting by them. The crowd has no judgment—impose yours on it; the crowd is superficial and dull, beware, then, of being profound or of forcing it to an intellectual effort; the crowd is obtuse—make your entry then so flamboyantly that the deaf will hear and the blind will see it; the crowd has no memory—use then without scruple every means to your end; once you have succeeded the public will soon forget how you succeeded.

"Live up to these principles and you will become rich and great and you will be happy upon earth."

Thus far Max Simon Nordau. I trust that after all he is an ironic preacher, who would fain have us hate the things he commends; for if this is "getting on in the world" it is also getting on prodigiously in wickedness. V. T.



THIS city had better forbear from making criticisms of Boston and the rejected Macmonnies' Bacchante. Our Park Commissioners last week committed a blunder that is nothing short of criminal. I have from time to time referred to George Gray Barnard. He is a genius of the purest water, a young man whose work easily tops all the pretty or severe productions of Saint-Gaudens, Macmonnies, J. Q. Ward, Daniel French, Karl Bitter and the rest. This may not be admitted, but it is generally understood. But our Balaams of the Park Commission are a law unto themselves. They have written themselves down as eternal asses by their rejection of Mr. Barnard's Pan, and Macmonnies' Bacchante may well writhe riotously and now sneer at New York. She is avenged.

The late Alfred Corning Clark gave Mr. Barnard a commission for two heroic pieces of sculpture. One is the masterly group *I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me*, now standing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the other the gigantic Pan, which was offered by the Clark estate to the Park to cap a drinking fountain, the cost to be \$25,000.

Of course it was a gift.

Judge, then, of our amazement when it was respectfully declined by Mr. Parsons on behalf of the commission. It was ungrudgingly declared artistic and not obscene, but it was nevertheless declined. Here is the reason given in the letter addressed to Edward S. Clark and received from Secretary Leary:

With regard to your offer to present to the city for placing in Central Park an ornamental fountain, with a statue of Pan as a decorative figure forming part of the design of the fountain, I beg to advise you that the Board of Parks, after a careful consideration of the matter, has decided to concur in the conclusion of the superintendent of parks, as contained in his report on the subject, in which he states his inability to find in Central Park a position of sufficient dignity and suitability for such a work of art, where it would at the same time harmonize with the characteristic scenery of that park.

Fancy such rot, such an insane excuse when the park is absolutely nude of attractions, when not one, but one thousand places could be found, and worst of all, with the Mall littered by such nightmare sculpture as the Burns, the Shakespeare, the Walter Scott and all the rest of the ignoble gang of mud dolls and bronze ruffians.

Possibly the board is religious and objected to the goat-like hoofs of Pan as reminding it too much of the proprietor of the environment of their next incarnation, or perhaps there are brewers on the board who are jealous of the dignity of their bock beer signs; or, and this is the most probable, the board is asinine and doesn't know good sculpture, it being so accustomed to Lincoln monuments and Horace Greeley monstrosities in metal "pants."

As to their being a cabal against Mr. Barnard I greatly doubt. It is a case of municipal idiocy. In Boston, where the mind is prone to discover nastiness, the Bacchante was rejected because she did not wear Plymouth panties, but the stolid burghers of Gotham, who pride themselves on their freedom from lubricious imaginings, reject the great Pan because it would not "harmonize with the characteristic scenery of the park."

Then all the worse for the park, say I. But the excuse is silly and we protest against this noble contribution to American art being placed at Fifty-ninth street and the Boulevard. The light is bald and glaring, the surroundings mean, undignified and sordid, and the vicinity abounds in wheeling folks, whose absurd posturings could never be made to modulate with the superb lines of the figure.

Pan is a wood god; place him in some sweetly lighted, green corner of the park, and half embowered he will make silent music for them that still believe in beauty, in nature translated into form.

Someone should bridle the "Baroness" Blanc, who wrote in last Sunday's *Mercury* that Pan was a "tawdry bust." Now what in the name of correspondents does Mrs. Blanc know about art, especially the art, the subtle art of sculpture. Let the lady study acting, singing, dancing, even walking, before she dare criticize something she comprehends not.

After all, looking at the matter in a purely practical manner, Mr. Barnard is having a lot of unsolicited and distasteful advertising, but advertising nevertheless.

Speaking of the *Mercury* reminds me that Leander Richardson has made it the best daily medium for theatrical news in the country. The *Mercury* not only gets news ahead of all the other dailies, but it also gets much exclusive news, and its London service is unexcelled. Blakeley Hall is to be congratulated on this paper and on his editor, who always hits straight from the

shoulder and whose comment on the passing show is distinguished by sound common sense—the latter a rare quality in most writers on matters theatrical.

Mr. W. A. M'Connell has resigned as general manager of Koster & Bial's and has assumed the chair of city editor of the *Mercury*. Mr. M'Connell, otherwise "Will," is a wonder and not only conducted Koster & Bial's without turning a hair or telling an untruth, but also found time to supply a lot of newspaper men with stories for their daily columns. He will be missed at Koster & Bial's. He says that during his régime the hall cleared a profit of over \$135,000 after deducting all losses.

Alfred Aarons, who was with Mr. Hammerstein at Olympia, has taken Mr. M'Connell's place. Mr. Aarons is a good-looking, popular and hard working young man.

Captain Cook is the title of the operatic production which is to be tried on at the Madison Square Garden, in the auditorium, July 7. There is to be a real, live volcano, and the music is by Noah Brandt, of San Francisco.

The roof garden of the Madison Square is nightly crowded with seekers after starlight music and soft, southern breezes. When they blow from the east they smell of Williamsburgh. Director Neuendorff conducts the Metropolitan Orchestra, and there is a symphony night once a week.

The Good Mr. Best is to open the Garrick Theatre August 23.

Harry MacDonough and Johnnie Slavin have left The Whirl of the Town. Harry is to go with De Koven and Smith's The Highwayman, and Slavin, "Little Johnnie Dugan," goes to Manhattan Beach.

What lovely roof garden weather we had last week!

Robert Edeson and Ida Conquest, who replaced William Faversham and Viola Allen in Under the Red Robe, are meeting with the greatest success. If the cool weather lasts, so will the play at the Empire, for the audiences are still large.

The Queen was recently very much touched by the singing of The Wearing of the Green. Now, Julian Edwards, is the chance of your life. You should take Brian Boru to London, and if the Queen hears all the good Irish music in it, the opera will get a vogue undreamed of by even Secret Service Gillette.

But the story has a codfish flavor or else the Jubilee preparations have told on Mrs. Wettin's nerves. There was a time, a Parnell time, when all Ireland might have gone without potatoes and point and the Queen would not have wept!

Pretty, picturesque Grace Filkins has gone to Paris to see her daughter, who is bigger girl than her mamma, and is a convent scholar there.

The Supreme Court, or rather a jury in that court, decided last week that Fay Templeton gets the \$100,000 left her by Howell Osborn. But she will have to fight to actually secure the cash, and no doubt she daily sings her own quaint composition, *I Want Yer, Ma Honey, Yes I Do*.

It is always what I preached—that Ibsen is not responsible for Ibsenism. Hear the old man himself, according to the London *Academy*:

"I transfer to the stage certain people whom I have observed, certain events which I have seen or which have been related to me—I throw in a little poetry—and that's how it's done." He claims to have seen in real life every character that he has placed on the stage. Count Prozor mentioned the *Rat Wife*, to which Ibsen replied: "She was a little old woman, who used to come to kill rats at the school where I was educated. She carried a little dog in a bag, and there were tales of children who had followed her and fallen into the sea. That was just what I wanted for bringing about the disappearance of *Little Eyolf*."

Duse is again at her old tricks; she is disappointing her Parisian audiences and I suppose it is the same old trouble. Four years ago I had the temerity and bad taste to write that the wonderful Italian woman was a *morphiniste*. Her morbid acting, her curious breakdowns, her aversion to society and her complexion, coupled with the fact that she was known in Italy to be an eater of drugs, all bore witness to the assertion. Even in Paris she does not care whether she has success or not. A thoroughly disillusioned woman.

To the *Figaro* she has at last unburdened herself. She admires Bernhardt passionately; she freed her artistically, so she declares, and in the *Sun* I found this statement of her likes and dislikes:

Duse told the interviewer that she could not play the tragedies of Corneille and Racine because she could not speak verse except in very dramatic situations. She said she could readily understand the death of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*,

and felt that she might die herself in speaking blank verse. She thought Réjane clever, but could see none of the points of resemblance between herself and the French comedienne, who is often said to resemble her. Sarah Bernhardt said while in this country last that she considered Réjane and Duse very similar in their artistic methods. Duse praised the actors of the Comédie Française, as well as Jeanne Granier, and said that at the theatre she never analyzed a player's art, but allowed herself to be carried away by the emotions that she might receive from the play and the actors.

"Can one really say," she said in answer to a question, "that one prefers any role? The actress loves successively all the roles she incarnates. It is only in that way that she can interest herself in her art, and interest others."

When she was asked whether she preferred to incarnate the beings of pure realism, the actress answered:

"Of realism? No. Life appears to me as intense, as true in a dream as in reality. And where is the truth? Are not the heroes of Shakespeare living men as well as those of Ibsen? It is true that I have a weakness for an emotional reality and one surrounded with dreaminess. I would like to play the *Princess Maleine* of Maeterlinck. I have a foolish adoration for his last marionettes, *Anglavaine* and *Sézizette*. I don't know which of these delicious women I would prefer to incarnate."

Duse's opinion of her profession is not high.

"The life of the theatre," she said, "is the least intellectual in the world. Once the part is learned the brain need work no more. The nerves, the sensibilities, the struggles for emotion, they are what color and what occupy the actor. It is for this reason in general that there are so many stupid actors and actresses; and who says 'stupid' often says 'gross and immoral.' I have never, up to the present time, found a true friend in the theatre. It would be as well to put aside the narrow envies, the little rivalries—in a word, to become like other people."

Duse says that with her costume she takes off all remembrance of her performance, and that as soon as possible after a performance she gets far away from the theatre. Her popular authors, to judge by the books seen in her room, were Maeterlinck, Carlyle, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Petrarch.

Rather hard on the profession is it not? Duse is evidently no mummery-worshipper.

Thomas Seabrooke has signed with Manager F. C. Whitney. Seabrooke is one of the cleverest comic opera comedians in the country. He may appear in Byrne, Harrison and Furst's "Bang-doolah of Swat." He is reading the part.

Walter Damrosch's home at Jenkintown, Pa., was robbed of silverware last week. The reason the deft burglars did not steal his Willow Grove orchestra is because the band has a string attached to it.

Both Juliette Nesville and Marie Studholme will revisit us next season. These girls were great favorites here, respectively in the Gaiety Girl and An Artist's Model.

The Broadway Theatrical Company, of New York city, has reduced its capital stock from \$250,000 to \$25,000. The liabilities of the company are less than \$10,000.

In view of erroneous reports, Mr. Frank Murray, manager of the Wedding Day, authorizes the *Herald* to state that Miss Della Fox is entirely satisfied with her contract and will not be the cause of a fracture in the triple alliance. Mr. Ariel Barney, Mr. Francis Wilson's manager, also states that Miss Lulu Glaser has no idea of leaving his company to replace Miss Fox, as was rumored.

The Teresita Waltz, Pickaninny Serenade, Little Duchess Gavotte and Up to Date Waltzes, the latest compositions of Rudolph Aronson, will be performed at this summer's "al fresco" concerts by the string orchestra, under Walter Damrosch's conductorship, near Philadelphia, and by the Metropolitan Orchestra on the Madison Square Roof Garden.

With the hot season comes the divorce habit. Virginia Stuart and Victory Bateman, both well-known stage ladies, secured divorces last week in Philadelphia. Wilfred Clarke was Miss Bateman's husband. He is a nephew of the late Edwin Booth, a brother of Creston Clarke, and therefore a son of John Sleeper Clarke, the comedian of *Toolies* and *Dr. Pangloss* fame. Virginia Stuart's husband was a Dr. Ivins, of this city.

Eda Joyce has sued the cable company for \$15,000 for injuring her voice. She met with an accident on Lexington avenue, and her nose was broken and her throat lacerated. If she wins her case the Lexington avenue branch will be crowded with vocal students.

I have half a mind to sue the cable company for damages daily done by the demon gong to my hearing.

May Irwin is at her summer home on the Thousand Isles.

At last Greek will meet Greek, and great will be the tug of war. Richard Mansfield is negotiating with Oscar Hammerstein to open his season at Olympia next September.

Heavens! what a *megillah* there will be with these *mispogali*.

T. Henry French is in Europe. So is Max Freeman, and last Sunday's *Mercury* hints that Max left by way of Hoboken, because of some unpleasant rumors regarding his late dabbling in comic opera at the Bijou.

Genial Ben Stern has had the misfortune to lose his mother.

Three changes have been made in The Circus Girl cast at Daly's. Miss May Young takes the place of Miss Astley as *Lucille*, Miss Astley having returned to England; Miss Violet Black is the new *Marie*, relieving Miss Helma Nelson, and Mr. Bates is now the *Cannon King* instead of Mr. Aspland.

Miss Dorothy Usner replaced Miss Lipman in the rôle of *Julie Bon Bon* in The Girl from Paris at the Herald Square at the matinee. Mr. George Hall appeared as *Honeycomb*. Mr. Rice proposes to give several persons who will be in his road company next season a chance to show what they can do at matinees during the summer.

D'Annunzio is to visit next fall the land of Anthony Comstock and the home of vulgar prudery. He is to get material for a book. He will see many curious specimens in America, and I hope will realize that the cursed officiousness and nasty mindedness come originally from the descendants of the miserable band of bigots that landed at Plymouth Rock, and whose stock have made this country what it is—a big, lying institution wherein the peddler rules and wherein liberty abides not.

We were all saddened by the news that Dan Daly's mortuary "mug" was temporarily damaged by the fist of a rude man one rainy night last week. A man who could lay hands on Dan Daly would—to borrow a classic phrase from Phil Hale—"botanize on his mother's grave." Dan is something to be struck by, not struck.

And this reminds me that the bicycle bell which caused the row is as big a nuisance as the gong of the cable car. Daly was probably all worn out by his night's work in The Whirl of the Town and the little vicious and penetrating click of the bicycle bell told on his nerves. He did right to resent the rudeness of the man who made the noise. It's a pity he wasn't winner in the row that ensued.

Julia Arthur may, after all, star in Mrs. Burnett's *A Lady of Quality*.

## PLAYERS, NOT ARTISTS.

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 14, 1897.

*The Dramatic Editor of the Courier:*

Kindly tell me if the following actors and actresses are great artists in the true sense of the work:

Thos. Keene,

Otis Skinner,

Margaret Mather

Jas. O'Neill,

Julia Marlowe,

Effie Ellsler.

Please tell me something about the art of each one.

IRENE ROBERTS.

It is rather difficult to decide just what the "true sense" of the word artist is. If the word is to be applied to players at all, there is no special objection to be made to our correspondent's list. The most conspicuous player mentioned is Julia Marlowe. Her art is placid and passionless, without any great individuality and without a hint of modern histrionic methods. In New York her success has never been great. On the road she is a favorite with cultivated audiences, chiefly on account of the plays she presents. It would be neither unjust nor unflattering to call her the American Mrs. Kendal—though she has neither the talent nor the fetching comedy manner of Madge Robertson. Next season she is to star without a husband.

James O'Neill is a sterling actor of that old school which included Adelaide Neilson, Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth. He has played many parts. For years, however, he has been chained to the rôle of *Edmond Dantès* in Monte Cristo. He is a capable, all round actor, good in tragedy, and especially attractive in the romantic drama.

Margaret Mather is a Chicago tragedienne who was made by J. M. Hill. Her "art" was of the sort that might be expected to be made in Chicago and by J. M. Hill. She had some provincial reputation a decade ago and will return, it is said, to the stage next season.

Thomas Keene is one of the best of second-rate actors. Without any great talent, by means of a good schooling in tragedy, sound judgment and self-confidence he has made a creditable position for himself on the American stage. He has spread the cult of Shakespeare throughout the smaller cities of the country. He is almost the last tragedian—ultimus Romanorum—which may be accounted to him for a sort of righteousness.

Otis Skinner is better known in the West than in the East. His "art" is pleasing. He is seen to best advantage in that sort of a melodrama known as the "romantic play." He has done something with *Hamlet*, but nothing serious. Of the players mentioned by our correspondent he is the only one who may fairly be assumed to have a future. Effie Ellsler has not retired from the stage we believe, though she is not playing at present. She won her reputation in the old Madison Square Theatre in Hazel Kirke. She was an emotional actress of more than common ability. She had sensibility and sincerity. Although her methods seem old-fashioned to-day, her technical equipment was adequate in its day.—[EDS. THE DRAMA.]

## NEW LAMPS AND OLD.

NEARLY ten years ago I picked up the first three volumes of Jakob Campo Weyerman's Biographies of Netherland Painters. These three quarto volumes (1729), in fair condition and with all the plates of Houbraken, La Haye, Bouquet, Scheurleer and De Jongh, filled me with a proprietary sense of satisfaction these many years.

It is only lately that I learned there was a marvelous fourth volume—the lost pleiad of this set—which was so rare that not even the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris possessed a copy. This fourth volume appeared in 1769—twenty-two years after Weyerman's death—at Dordrecht. But I never expected to find it. I had reconciled myself to never seeing it. At night, indeed, I dreamed of it uneasily, as the ephèbe dreams of Helen of Troy. Day after day I have fumbled over the boxes of old books that line the quays of Paris; I have haunted book sales and auctions; but I assure you I never hoped to come upon the fourth volume of Jakob Campo Weyerman's *Levensbeschrijvingen der Nederlandsche Konst-Schilders en Konst-Schilderssen*.

And so one morning, when I took refuge from the storm that was blowing over Brussels in the Midi Arcades, I began to browse quite calmly among the old books spread there in thousands. I was as calm, that is, as the man can be in whom the sight of a printed book always stirs up a pleasant excitement. I was fairly well covered with dust. I had picked up a few unimportant two-penny books—Robbie Burns done into Low Dutch, and the like—when I came to a bin of rather dilapidated old books. I picked them over indifferently; then my heart stopped beating, and I trembled like a dog in a wet sack. Under my hand lay the lost fourth volume—printed by Blussé in Dordrecht in 1769—complete in every page and no dirtier than it should be!

I controlled myself as best I could and selected two other books which I did not want—an 1807 edition of the *Dialogues of Erasmus* and the long-winded *Respublica Jurisconsultorum* of Josephus Aurelius de Januarius, of Naples, 1733.

The particular booth at which I stood was kept by a rosy cheeked maid (servant of the shop across the way), who sat busily knitting blue stockings and keeping an eye on the books.

"How much?" I asked, holding up the learned doctor of Naples.

She wanted a franc and a half—30 cents. For the *Erasmus* she wanted as much.

I daresay you know that a Dutch auction differs from the Yankee sort, in that you bid down instead of up. I offered the rosy maid a fourth of the price she asked. She asked three-fourths. Finally she said she would take one-half—30 cents for the two books.

"Throw in another," said I lightly, and laid the lost fourth volume on the other two books.

She protested in energetic Walloon. I walked away. But I stopped (the treachery of the bibliophile) at an adjoining booth. The maid came after me.

"Take them for 2 francs," she said.

I gave her the 40 cents, and tucked the books under my arm as calmly as though I had not found the lost Pleiad.

\* \* \*

And now—if you have nothing better to do—will you loiter away an hour turning the leaves of Campo Weyerman's book? I shall spare you the trouble of traveling its Dutch sentences, and put into English—for the first time, I fancy—a few of the rare matters to be found here.

There can be no question that Weyerman is the best and most authoritative of all those who have written on the golden age of Netherland art. As a biographer he is to be compared to Boswell, to Aubrey, and the few who have excelled in this difficult branch of literature. It requires a peculiar training to write a biography. Few trained thinkers succeed at it. One has to unlearn all the schools have taught him—all he has learned from life—if he would write a good biography. He has nothing more to do with general ideas, with theories. His business is to describe the individual. The ideas of great men—but they are the common patrimony of mankind. In reality, each great man possesses only his eccentricities. It might have happened to any man as well as to Socrates to say: "Know thyself," but no other man would have rubbed his leg in precisely the same way before drinking the hemlock that day in prison.

And what you want—what I want—from the biographer is a description of just this manner of rubbing the leg. We want to know that Erasmus did not like fish, though born in a fishing town; that Milton lisped the R; that Ben Jonson wore a coachman's coat with flap pockets, and that Spenser was a little short haired man who wore a little ruff and little cuffs. If we want general ideas we can go to their works or to the critics. But the business of the biographer, I would suggest, is to write a biography—a story of the mint and annis and cummin of one man's life or the lives of many men.

And this is what Campo Weyerman has done. His biography is as good reading as Boswell's Life of Johnson, and is indeed a biographical masterpiece. He is no prude. He is a gay companion. He writes like the soldier he was, gossips like the painter he was. In this fourth volume he remarks amiably that he cannot write the lives of the joyous companions of art in the style of a legend of the martyrs. He was a realist before realism was invented. If he pictures Rembrandt as a miser, Franz Mieris and Jan Steen as pot-house companions, the pictures may serve to point a lesson.

\* \* \*

Campo Weyerman was fifty when he began to write. This was in 1720. Rubens, Van Dyck, Teniers, Rembrandt were dead, but their pupils and many who had known them were known to Weyerman. He was very near first sources. For instance, Weyerman, who was himself a painter, had worked in the studio of Sir G. Kneller—a pupil of Rembrandt and successor of Sir P. Lely, who had himself succeeded Van Dyck.

From this newly found fourth volume of his works I might decently reason-

ably exact life of Weyerman himself. He was born at Breda in 1672, and was sent to the Latin school of the town. He got his Greek from the Protestant pastor of Delft, and learned besides some Hebrew, mathematics, philosophy, theology and astronomy. He studied painting under Vanderwilt. Then he went to the University of Utrecht, and after a while set out for London. There he made a name for himself and painted a portrait of Queen Anne, who gave him 2,400 florins. He set out for Constantinople, but was rooked by gamblers and returned to London penniless. He painted fruits and flower pieces, and soon refilled his purse. So he determined to go to Paris. He traveled by Ostend and thence to the good city of Brussels. Here a thought of the Rhine occurred to him, and he set out for Cologne. He was caught by bandits and stripped as naked as your chin, so he settled in Antwerp, became a satirical writer, founded the *Mercury*, fought duels, made love, painted and grew old. His satirical pen annoyed the great men, and at last they locked him up in prison. So he lived in a cell, reasonably and peacefully, for many years, writing good and merry books, and dying at last in his sixty-eighth year.

These salient facts I have mentioned only that you may know vaguely what manner of man this art-historian was. He was a merry, satiric old scholar, who had loved women, wine and art with more passion than respect. Weyerman is at his best in writing of the court painters (he had been a courtier) or of the witty and dissipated Bohemians of the Netherland school. Many a new story of Van Dyck, Rubens, Mieris and Jan Steen might be drawn from these old pages, but it is in my mind merely to translate a few notable episodes in the life of Franz Hals.

\* \* \*

It is no exaggeration to say that to-day Franz Hals' portraits rank with those of Velasquez—that it is almost impossible to set a price on their heads. This fame of his dates from the last twenty years. This is not the place to consider whether there is not something uncritical in the new enthusiasm. For the moment it will suffice to see this dead painter in the habits of life. Like most of the painters of his day, he was a teacher. Among his pupils were Adrien Van Brouwer, Adrien Van Ostade and Jan Steen. He was Van Dyck's rival—and friend.

The Dutch Boswell, whom I am translating, relates this anecdote:

"One day in passing through Haarlem Van Dyck wished to see Franz Hals, and he went to his house incognito under pretense of getting his portrait painted. Hals' children ran to the tavern to find their father, and brought him home half drunk. Having learned the desire of this 'foreign lord' Hals took brush and palette, and in the time it would take a Gascon to open a tobacco box sketched out a creditable portrait. Van Dyck looked at the picture and pretended to be astonished at the ease with which the thing was done. Whereupon Van Dyck took the brush and painted a few moments, when Hals fell upon his neck crying: 'You are either Van Dyck or the devil!'"

It is not an unpleasant picture this—Van Dyck traveling like an English lord, giving handfuls of gold to the naked children of his drunken rival and even condescending to a practical joke. One may gather that Hals was quite as disreputable as any of the potent painters of his age. One of the duties of his pupils was to carry him home from the tavern when he had drunk his fill, undress him, put him to bed and leave him with all signs of respect. There was a good deal of Paul Verlaine in this Dutch painter. When his pupils had put him to bed and he believed himself alone, his piety overstepped his drunkenness and he would begin to stutter forth prayers, ending with this exclamation: "Good Lord! take me to Thyself!"

His pupils had heard this night after night. Adrien Van Brouwer thought it might be as well to find out just how sincere this prayer was. So one afternoon he and Van Ostade bored four holes in the ceiling over Hals' bed and let down four strong cords which they tied to the corners of the mattress. As usual that night they had to put their master to bed. Full of wine and penitence, he prayed as usual and concluded: "Good Lord! take me to Thyself!"

The young artists overhead pulled on the cords and Hals felt himself being gradually lifted to heaven, as he fancied, so he cried out lustily: "Not yet, Good Lord, not yet!"

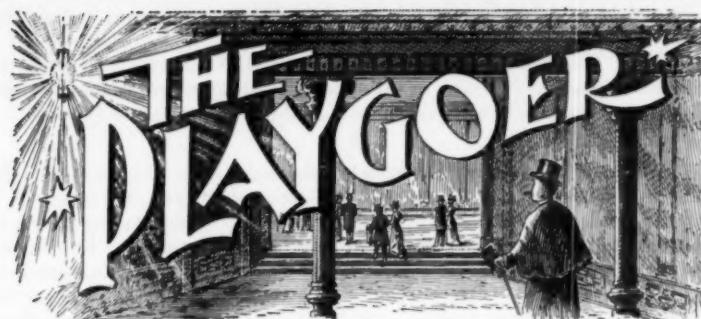
So they let him down, and says Weyerman: "After that he prayed no more, which shows how little it takes to make a painter forget heaven."

As has been said, Hals had many pupils; he exploited their young talent, starved them and even beat them. Brouwer ran away, was captured and flogged, but finally got away safe to Amsterdam. But his life was short and stormy.

\* \* \*

It was a strange society and they were strange and reprehensible habits of life, out of which came this marvelous art of the Netherlands. V. T.

THE dismissal of Baron Nopcsa from the Budapest Opera House has been the subject of discussion in the Austrian Parliament. A member asked the Home Minister if he had seen the published letter of Katicza Müller, the prima ballerina, in which she stated that the intendant sent the ladies of the corps de ballet to "amusements," which seems to be the German for Seeley dinners; he also asked if the minister had seen various other accusations of the intendant's abuse of power over the young women in question. A journal reported that at one of the balls during the last carnival Nopcsa declared there was only one young woman in the theatre who was not in costume. This report produced the threat of a strike in the ballet unless apology was made. The husband of one of them wrote to Nopcsa, telling him the report was founded on the testimony of five witnesses and challenging him to a duel. Nopcsa said it was all a lie, and wrote to the papers to that effect. Still, after investigation, he was dismissed.



I HAVE been shown some letters written by a merry little woman who has been dust and ashes now for a quarter of a century. In her youth she was a player of parts. She ran away from school to marry a wandering actor, and before she returned to her sedate home in Scotland many strange things befell her. The experience which I am about to relate befell her in Northumberland, in the summer season of 1851.

The merry little gentlewoman and her vagrom husband joined a troupe of wandering players, "on shares." This is the old plan described by Jerry Clip: "You get nothing a week and find your own jewelry."

They settled in Livingstone, in Northumberland, a town of several thousand inhabitants. All about the town were the blast furnaces, for it was in the iron country. The theatre was a wooden building, capable of holding 1,000 people, and on the first night 1,400 crowded in—the rough men and boys from the iron works—a noisy, good-natured crowd, bantering each other in Erse, Gaelic and English, in every dialect known from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

The play was Romeo and Juliet.

"We knew," wrote the little gentlewoman, who married a strolling player and is now dust and ashes—"we knew from the uninformed character of our audience that they would hardly tolerate its five long-winded acts, so we agreed among ourselves to omit much of the quiet, plain-sailing dialogue; to cut down the sentimental love scenes; to allow *Peter* and the nurse to be as funny and to 'gag' as long as they chose, and to relieve the heaviness of the last scene by the introduction of a slashing broadsword combat between *Romeo* and the 'man o' wax.'

"All went swimmingly until the entrance of *Friar Lawrence*, who was saluted with yells and groans. Like most actors, he was very serious where he was himself concerned, and he left the stage amazed and indignant. Our manager (Mr. Smithson) went on and requested to know the cause of the tumult. A hundred voices explained that the monkish garb—the rosary and cross worn as the friar—constituted the actor's offense. This was easily rectified; he donned the robe and turban destined for *Othello*, and on his reappearance his change of costume was greeted with cheers of approval.

"In the concluding scene we came to another knot in the wood.

"My *Romeo* and I were defunct, according to Shakespeare, but the audience insisted on a new version; it was evident that to gratify our patrons our trials must terminate happily. To effect this we recovered; poison and dagger failed to slay us; the *Capuletti* came on and blessed us in dumb show, as we knelt hand in hand before them; the remaining characters filled up the back of the stage, and the curtain descended amidst thunders of applause to this chorus of applause:

Happy pair,  
Happy pair,  
Hymen take you to his care!

From this merry little woman's account it is evident that not even Mr. Augustin Daly was quite so free in "ameliorating" Shakespeare.

When it came to Hamlet the leading man objected.

She wrote of this affair: "The leading man grumbled and swore at being obliged to cut out the greater portion of his beautiful soliloquies and vented his spite by being as jocose at *Ophelia's* burial as the *Gravedigger* himself; among other untragic vagaries, propounding to him a lot of *nigger* conundrums, a proceeding relished more by the spectators than by the low comedian.

"Our tragedy wound up with the melancholy Dane's taking possession of the vacant throne amidst a flourish of trumpets and fiddles to the general joy of all Denmark, 'that warlike state' being represented by *Horatio*, *Oscric* and two ladies in white muslin."

This version of Hamlet, though the little gentlewoman knew it not, was rank plagiarism. Ten years before—at least it was in the forties—the elder Alexander Dumas rewrote the fifth act, reintroducing the *Ghost*, who pronounces death upon all in turn, thus:

(To Laertes) Prie et meurs! (Laertes meurt.)  
(To Gertrude) Espére et meurs! (Gertrude meurt.)  
(To the King) Desespére et meurt! (Le Roi meurt.)

But the *Ghost* keeps Hamlet for further use, with the announcement:

Tu vivras!

The little gentlewoman concludes her account of her experiences at Livingstone in this way:

"Stock business was excellent with us for three months; then came on the benefits. Of course, everyone, according to his or her idea of what would be attractive, produced some novelty; one of the gentlemen got up a sensation between play and farce on his night by employing two blacksmiths' strikers to break with sledge hammers a stone weighing 230 pounds on his chest; the dancer, for his benefit, got up a pantomime; the leading man, Sardanapalus, much mangled in diction, but improved with combats and a dance; for my benefit, I localized *Crazy Jane*, and practiced the Northumbrian dialect, in which, as the heroine, it was my intention to indulge, but was obliged to give it up, finding, after a week's hard work, that I had acquired, not a burr, but a sore throat."

At the end of the sixteen weeks' season they found that "shares" had averaged 30 shillings a week, in addition to which each *beneficiaire* had cleared from £4 to £5.

And then it was a merry life!

Last week I made a reference, casual and insufficient, to the censorship under which the English drama has always labored. Indeed, the censorship is almost moribund with the English drama. During the period when masques furnished the statelier forms of dramatic entertainment the office of censor was filled by the Master of the Revels. In 1622 James I appointed Sir John Astley to the office. The royal patent reads:

We have and do by these presents authorize and command our said servant, Sir John Astley, Master of our Revels, by himself or his sufficient deputy or deputies, to warn, command and appoint in all places within this our realm of England, as well within franchises and liberties as without, all and every player and players, with the play makers, either belonging to any nobleman or otherwise, bearing the name or names, or using the faculty of play makers, or players of comedies, tragedies, interludes or what other shows soever, from time to time and at all times, to appear before him with all such plays, tragedies, comedies or shows, as they shall have in readiness, or mean to set forth, and them to present and recite before our servant or his sufficient deputy whom we ordain, appoint and authorise by these presents, of all such shows, plays, players and play makers, together with their playing places, to order and reform, authorize and put down, as shall be meet or unmeet to him or his said deputy.

Although the patent was issued to Sir John Astley, the actual censorship was exercised by his deputy, Sir Henry Herbert. Middleton's Game of Chess was prohibited and the unlucky author was imprisoned for "bringing the King of Spain on the stage." On almost similar grounds Sir Henry prohibited Massinger's Believe As You List. In Cunningham's edition of Gifford's edition of Massinger's plays (the best) there is an interesting account of the tribulations of this play.

It was refused a license "because it did contain dangerous matter, as the deposing of Sebastian, King of Portugal, by Philip II., and there being a sworn peace 'twixt the Kings of England and Spain."

A subsequent play by Massinger, The King and the Subject, was referred directly to King Charles himself, who at that time was busy with the question of ship money. The dramatist had made his king say to his subjects:

Moneys? we'll raise supplies what ways, we please,  
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which  
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Caesars  
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws  
But what their swords did ratify.

Against this passage Charles wrote; "This is too insolent and to be changed. Note that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro of Spain."

Sir Henry Herbert must have had a good thing of his office of Master of the Revels and Censor. In the matter of Massinger's Believe as You List he seems to have gone upon the principle of the Scotch doctor, whose bill read: "To calling at your house, 10s.; to not finding you at home, 10s." After noting his refusal to license he has recorded in his book: "I had my fee notwithstanding, which belongs to me for reading it over, and ought to be brought always with a play."

Another entry reads: "Received of Mr. Kirke for a new play, which I burned for the ribaldry and offense that was in it, £2."

On July 17, 1626, Mr. Hemmings pays him £3 "for a courtesie done him about their Blackfriars house," and April 11, 1627, Mr. Hemmings gives him £5 to forbid the playing of Shakespeare's plays to the Red Bull Company.

Sir Henry Herbert was relieved of his functions during the civil war, and after the Restoration the censorship was attached to the Lord Chamberlain's office. That official prohibited the performance of The Maid's Tragedy, in which a King is killed, and refused to license Tate's alteration of Shakespeare's Richard II., although the adaptor transferred the scene to Italy, and called it The Sicilian Usurper.

William III. buttressed up his censor with a new decree, in which he declared: "It is His Majesty's pleasure that they shall not hereafter presume to put anything in any play contrary to religion and good manners, as they shall answer at their utmost peril."

And in Anne's reign a play called Mary, Queen of Scots, was forbidden, but with this exception, the Lord Chamberlain seems to have bothered himself little with his censorial duties. He did, however, for some unexplained reason prohibit Polly, Gay's sequel to The Beggar's Opera.

In 1735 an attempt was made to get Parliament to ratify the Lord Chamberlain's censorial powers. Two years later the attempt succeeded. Sir

Robert Walpole introduced a bill, "To explain and amend an act made in the twelfth year of the reign of Queen Anne, entitled 'An Act for reducing the laws relating to rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants into one act of Parliament, and for the more effectually punishing such rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants, and sending them whither they ought to be sent.'"

By Walpole's bill it was proposed to limit the number of theatres and compel the proprietors to obtain a license from the Lord Chamberlain for every drama they produced.

Lord Chesterfield made a speech against the bill—a speech which I wish my genial, autocratic, baby-baiting friend, Commodore Gerry, would ponder. After telling their lordships that they ought to thank God they were not dependent upon their wits for their support, Chesterfield goes on:

"I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit, but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised; it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honor of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge and jury. But what is still more hard, though the poor author—the proprietor, I should say—cannot, perhaps, dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise office, where they may be detained fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be forever shut against him; and that without any cause, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage." Taking higher ground, he declares: "The stage and press are two of our out-sentries; if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fitters, the enemy may surprise us; therefore I must look on the bill before us as a step toward introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom. \* \* \* If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are, by the known laws of the country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Do not let us subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man!"

Chesterfield's eloquence was thrown away. The bill passed both houses and received the royal consent June 21, 1737. Since then the English dramatist has been at the mercy of an official, well defined by Barry Cornwall as one whose "employment is to cut out words which mean nothing and sentences innocent of evil." To be sure the present Lord Chamberlain is not very annoying. He confines himself to cutting out references to the royal family and the like. A year or so ago he slaughtered a punning allusion to the "Prince of Whales"—which was fit to kill.

The present Lord Chamberlain is not as bad as he might be.

He is a licensed censor.

But what is to be said of Gerry who is unlicensed, unbridled, and censorious withal?

The roguish, old baby baiter!

### VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

WHEN a real live baronet writes a novel, the reader has a right to expect to be introduced into high society. We do not say intellectual society or moral society, we do not even demand to have kings and princes brought before us in the manner in which they never live, but we can ask for a bad duke, a villainous marquis and several naughty countesses. But in *A Bit of a Fool* we have none of these exalted specimens of wickedness.

Sir Robert Peel just mentions one earl, but the rest of his characters are very bourgeois. There is a dull Member of Parliament who lives at Barnes, not a dwelling place for fashionable folk—and a half pay captain who is what British slang used to call a "leg." The hero, of course, is the Fool. He spends a million or so before he is of age, partly in being an "angel" to a young lady and her theatrical company, partly in lending thousands to the wife of the M. P., partly in following "tips" given him by the horse racing captain. And this is all to which the son of a Cabinet Minister and the grandson of a Prime Minister can introduce it. There is not the slightest trace of his having been with any better folk.

Sir Robert has been accused of being one of a syndicate that ran Mrs. Langtry after the death of Abingdon Baird, the Scotch iron millionaire, and it looks as if Abingdon has been turned into the Abinger of his tale, and the Jersey Lily into the M. P.'s wife. The book is very amateurish, very good natured, but misses the strong points. The governess, whom he calls Bianca Tennant, cold, heartless, but with vampire tendencies, might have been made more of. As it is she comes like a shadow and so departs. Sir Robert might, with advantage, cultivate his turn for epigram. We quote two, which perhaps are not quite original: "No self-respecting woman will stifle her first love by marrying us," and "No cautious man will be without debts."

Far different from Sir Robert Peel's book will be the *Vengeance of the Viscount*, the appearance of which is anxiously looked for. The author, Miss Ada Wilton, is that noble spectacle, a genius struggling with adversity. Like many a genius she at present is in a servile capacity—not as a reporter for a yellow journal, but as a maid-of-all-work in the Shoreditch region of London. Not only is she a "slavey" in the East End, but her mistress' name is the unpoetical one of Stallbrass; not only has she to sweep into the dust pan every morning the aspirates her mistress drops, but she was even requested to fry some mutton chops. Then her angelic patience gave way. Sadly she placed the deadly frying pan on the fire, and then, as she told the court—for her sorrows became public in a police court—as she could not afford to lose any idea, she dreamed of the viscount, with his ambosial or hyacinthine mustache, as in full armor he galloped down the Old Kent Road to wreak vengeance on the Chevalier coster. The frying pan grew red hot, but nothing could tempt her true soul to put the mutton into the deadly vessel. The mistress, she declared, used "horrible imprecations." "What did I do?" said the Stallbrass. "Why, you

swores. Have not I often asked you to speak English, as I could not understand Whitechapel?" replied the undaunted maid. "Besides, I have found a publisher." We have not heard who has secured the serial rights for America, but must congratulate the firm or the syndicate that has obtained the privilege of issuing a work of such a promising title as the *Vengeance of the Viscount*.

There are a good many periodicals the names of which begin with the word book. There is the *Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*, the property, it is said, of the American News Company. It is a trade paper and has an excellent bibliography. Its book notices are admirably adapted for the purpose which they are intended to serve, namely, to instruct the salesman as to the nature of the book he is offering to his customers, whether it is a novel or a volume of sermons, whether it is a book of adventure or a love story, whether the scene is laid in Vermont or in Tristan d'Acunha, but of course such notices are anything but critical. The *Bookseller and Newsdealer* treats chiefly of things interesting to the newsdealer, and amuses itself by pitching into the American News Company as a grinding monopoly. These two, like the *Publishers' Weekly*, are strictly trade papers, appealing to the whole trade of publishers and booksellers.

*Book News* is published by John Wanamaker, and appeals chiefly to the patrons of the bargain counter. It usually contains a short story, a literary article, in many cases samples of a book on sale, some short biographies and brief notices of some other books. As all this is designed to promote sales of goods in the store, there is nothing like criticism. *Book Reviews*, published by Macmillan & Co., contains good reports about the colleges, announcement of new books, and several pages of clippings from the daily papers that have reviewed new books, especially those issued by the publishers, or which they have in stock as representatives of London firms. Such a collection of reviews by various hands is undoubtedly valuable, but of necessity they are laudatory in all cases. The journal has a large circulation in collegiate and scholastic circles.

*The Bookman*, when started in London some years ago, was a newspaper devoted to the interests of a London firm. It now is international, and appears here as a full-fledged literary magazine. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., a firm that used to give to a rural world the moral but tedious works of the late E. P. Roe, but has lately been booming Kailyard literature. The magazine has two editors—Dr. Robertson Nicoll in London, Dr. Harry Thurston in New York. The former also edits the *British Weekly* in London, which we suspect is run with strict attention to the non-conformist conscience of the British tradesman, but he sometimes plays it low down on his American colleague by sending him as new matter articles that have appeared in England years ago.

Dr. Peck, on the other hand, is up to date (if we were not sick of the word we would call him *fin-de-siècle*) and contributes essays and really critical articles on such books as Huysman's *En Route* and Prévost's *Jardin Secret*, or it would be better to say on such interesting figures in contemporary French literature as these two authors. The article on Prévost in the June number is particularly worth reading, for Dr. Peck's examination and discussion of the French and Anglo-Saxon views of courtship and marriage—one result of the French view he has not mentioned—that such books as those we have named are carefully excluded from every respectable French household. *The Bookman* has also a series of articles on Living Continental Critics (the one in the present number being Emilia Pardo Bazán) or American Bookmen (Willis, Halleck, Drake, with portraits and autographs) and genuine reviews of new books. Let us hope that the British connection will be soon severed, and that *The Bookman* will issue a declaration of independence.

What is really needed is a review like the *Athenaeum*, of London, not published or influenced by any seller, publisher or author of books, that will give its opinions without fear, favor or affection, and that will take adequate notice of foreign contemporaneous literature. The articles should be genuine criticism, not "notices" for the trade, nor guides for the book reader, still less ought to be furnished by the "condensed milk or Liebig extract school of book reviewers, of which Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine is the most conspicuous representative, whose method is to squeeze out everything of interest that a book contains and boil it down to a three column article," as Professor Peck describes the editor of Peter Fenelon Collier's paper.

*The Book Buyer* is by far the best made up and best illustrated of these reviews. In the June number it has an excellent portrait, well reproduced, of Edward E. Hale, and opens with an entertaining article by him on Robinson Crusoe, in which he expresses a hope to see some good young man establish a Professorship of Robinson Crusoe at Columbia University. It contains a touching account of the burial of Robert Louis Stevenson, and a reproduction of the bronze tablets upon his tomb in Vaca and a very striking bust of Allen Hutchinson's model of his bust. Everyone ought to read Carlyle and His Contemporaries, in which the weariful sage of Chelsea expresses very curious opinions, and Mr. George Merriam Hyde's article on Ibsen, the truth-teller, is deserving of perusal, but he shows little knowledge of New York managers when he says: "It is rather curious that no New York manager decided to forestall London by giving a speedy performance of John Gabriel Borkman. The department of Literary News from England is very good, but all the reviews are signed, a practice perhaps necessary in cases where the review is published by a bookseller, but not conducive to free expression of opinion. *The Book Buyer* is the property of Chas. Scribner's Sons and pays due attention to their importations from the other side.

## THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.

"Promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the increase and diffusion of knowledge."

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

*In his Farewell Address.*

If you journey by a Flatbush avenue trolley car out to the Plaza of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, you come upon a clean-looking, square-shouldered stone building—essentially Greek in intention. You may not know what the building is when you first see it—this white, classic thing, standing there defiantly on a green ridge. When you get nearer you can't mistake it. You see the names of famous Greeks carved on the upper stone panels: *Æschylus, Thales, Sophocles, Thucydides, Aristophanes*; men who devised history, philosophy, aesthetics, the drama.

You say to yourself: "That's the Brooklyn Institute," and if you are in a mood for accuracy you add: "the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences."

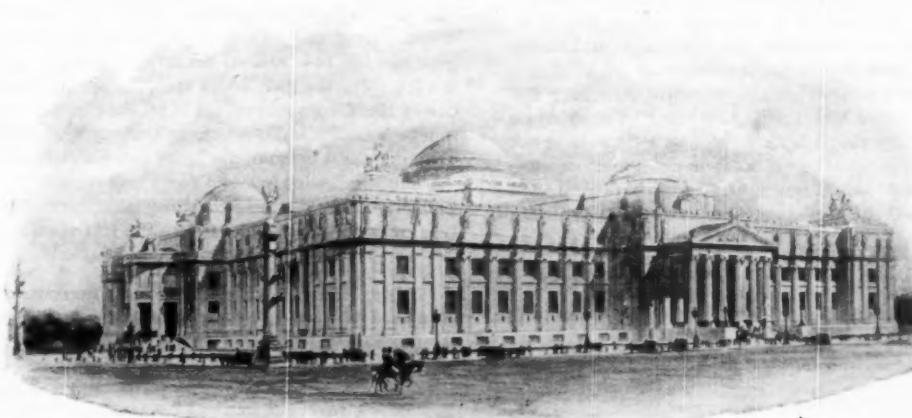
Well as you know America you can't think of another institution that quite fills the same space in educational life. You remember, of course, Peter Cooper's Institute at the head of the Bowery, in New York—remember sadly the grim, monstrous statue that St. Gaudens has put in front of it. But this Bowery affair does not answer the same purpose.

In the first place it is devoted to elevating the masses—a futile operation. In the second place it is utilitarian and anti-artistic. The Brooklyn Institute is just the other sort of a thing. Its appeal is to the cultured person, the man who is critically rich. It has no definite idea of educating plumbers and "street car" drivers into an ability to hold their own in four-part songs. President Healy says he has never even dreamed of engaging Frank Damrosch to corral bicycle riders and make tenor singers of them—as tenors were made for the Pope's choir.

Clearly, frankly and defiantly, the Brooklyn Institute has set about the business of following the advice of George Washington. It has made itself into an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge.

Incidentally it is trying to diffuse that knowledge where it will do most good. Neither Mr. Healy nor Dr. W. H. Maxwell, the secretary and superintendent, has any idea that gasfitters may be educated into a subtle appreciation of modern French art or eighteenth century English painting. They do imagine, however, that the Institute is going to have an immense influence in educating men of some culture into men of finer culture.

So they open the doors to everyone—for culture works in devious ways, and sometimes hits even the vagrom plumber, and, in certain instances, even art critics have been known to cultivate a liking for art.



THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.

[As it will appear when completed.]

I went over to the Brooklyn Institute to write a critical appreciation (for I am a paid, professional critic) of the pictures now on exhibition there. My editor, who is a personable man and instructed in art, had agreed to go with me.

He said: "Come and lunch with me, and we will go over to Brooklyn together and stare at the Hogarth and have aesthetic sensations."

When I went to keep the appointment he said benignantly: "Sorry—I'm too busy to go to-day."

Evidently the luncheon engagement had slipped his mind.

It slipped my stomach, too.

I went home disgusted and said to my wife: "Put on the skirt that comes down to your shoe tops and we will ride over to Brooklyn on our wheels." I have trained her to be obedient, therefore she obeyed.

We rode up to the square-shouldered, Greek looking building and put our wheels in charge of a cabman and went inside. In a few minutes' chat with the officers I learned so much that was interesting about the purpose and import of the institution that I intend to tell that first; afterward I shall write (being a paid professional critic of aesthetics) an account of the pictures which shall make my editor weep—his office boy shall dry his eyes with blue blotting paper—because he missed seeing them.

But first the Institute—

Also:

What it does for men who are decently bred and have artistic instincts; also women.

The Institute goes in for anniversary meetings—on important national days—gives series of lectures, courses of instruction in scientific and artistic

branches, holds daily schools and occasionally gives concerts, which are rather comments on the history of music than technical exhibitions.

The membership is arranged in this way:

Any person who is specially interested in one or more departments of science or art may be elected a member of the Institute. The cost of membership is as follows: Associate membership, initiation fee, \$5, and annual dues \$5, or \$10 the first year and \$5 a year thereafter; life membership fee, \$100.

Application for membership may be made at the office of the Institute, 502 Fulton street, or to any member. Membership blanks may be obtained from the office on application either in person or by mail.

The active educational work of the Institute is conducted by its several departments. Each department is a society by itself, composed of members of the Institute who are interested in a particular science or art. Any member of the Institute may become a member of one or more departments in which he is especially interested without additional expense.

You see that while the cost is not of any importance, still it is enough to keep out the indigent plumber who has a taste for playing the trombone, and the useful, but uncritical, maker of wooden toothpicks who wishes to make a specialty of Aristophanic burlesques.

You may get some idea of the advantages of being an associate member—the thing I am going in for—from this clear cut statement: An associate member of the Institute is entitled to:

1. Admission for himself and one other person to all the anniversary meetings, public addresses and general lectures of the Institute.
2. Admission for himself and one other person to each of the evening lectures before the Institute and its departments.
3. Admission for himself or a friend to each of the afternoon lectures.
4. Admission for himself and family to the receptions and exhibitions given by the Institute and its departments.
5. To the use of the library and collections of the Institute, and to the privileges of membership in the several departments.

It seems to me that this is the membership which an indolent person, who is, in spite of his indolence, interested in what Washington called the "increase and diffusion of knowledge," should choose. It costs only \$5 as initiation fee, and the annual dues are only an additional \$5.

It would take far more space than I have at my disposal to describe even the different departments in which public lectures will be given this season. The special courses of instruction cover almost every field—architecture, biology, political science, history of the United States, the religion of primitive peoples, theology, electricity, archaeology, astronomy, botany—but it is absurd to continue the list.

Still it should be un-

derstood that in writing of the present exhibition of paintings I refer to only one out of the fourteen exhibitions of the arts and sciences which the Brooklyn Institute gives during the year.

To see the Loan Exhibition of pictures now on view in the Institute you ride up in the lift to the top floor of the building.

It should be said in the first instance that the opulence, variety and choice-ness of the exhibit is largely due to Mr. Henry T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn. Mr. Chapman is quite unknown to me; in fact, I may grimly admit that I had never heard his name as a collector of paintings here on the Eastern rim of the American continent; still, when I find the paragraph I am about to quote in the editorial columns of the staid Brooklyn *Eagle* I fancy it must be about right.

Read here:

Beyond question the present exhibition of pictures in the Brooklyn Institute is the best and largest ever held in this city, and will compare favorably with loan exhibitions ever held anywhere. The liberality of those who have contributed to the exhibition is evident. The wealth of art treasures, whether in value or in variety, secured for public view and general instruction is apparent. The industry, skill and tact to command the co-operation of so many owners of pictures cannot be exaggerated. It cannot easily be indicated. The union of policy, justice, propriety and efficiency in the placing of these pictures is manifest. While the collection demonstrates the extent and the worth of art treasures in Brooklyn, as well as the public spirit of the owners of pictures here, the utilization of both facts demonstrates a measure of knowledge, influence, diligence, wisdom and public spirit which is very rare.

In this view of the subject the credit and honor of the achievement centre upon one man. The man is Henry T. Chapman, Jr. He is himself one of the principal contributors, his collection comprising a series of masterpieces, both ancient and modern, which is the wonder and delight, the amazement and the envy, the admiration and the desire of the lovers of painting. By setting an example of liberality to his brother collectors, and by himself engaging to see that their contributions were placed as they should be, Mr. Chapman has been able to secure an exhibition that is an honor to the Institute, to the city and to the century.

If what the *Eagle* says is true, and Mr. Chapman is the originator of this art show, he deserves immense credit, not only for his industry, but for his admirable taste. There are a lot of pictures by Chase and Church, Irving Wiles and the Morans, which have no aesthetic significance, but in the cursory view of the show I took the other afternoon I did not see one picture that was a distinct artistic crime.

That statement means much.

You and I, who do not know much of the city at the other end of the bridge, would as soon have expected a good thing to come out of Nazareth as

to find an art show (made up out of the private galleries of Brooklyn) which should be not only an historic comment on the art of painting, but as well an exhibition of high aesthetic value. You and I did not know those pictures were hidden away in the quiet, provincial homes of Brooklyn. No one knew.

I fancy when you read this article you will go over to the Brooklyn Institute to see the pictures for yourself; so I shall call attention only to the more conspicuous paintings—those paintings which interest one as he strolls through the three rooms.

First, go and look at the Franz Hals which was lent by Mr. Healy, the president of the Institute. A little alcove and a particular gas jet have been reserved for it. In another part of this paper I have given my opinion of the modern Franz Hals craze, and though even George Moore is against me, I shall not change my opinion. This is a fairly good example. The picture is that of an old fishwife. The brush work (as in all of Franz Hals' painting) is magnificently savant; the chief effect for you to study, however, is the avalanche of evening sunlight that Franz Hals has brought down upon that old, tired, stupid head.

It is superbly managed. Yet I would not have you carry away the idea that this is a typical Hals. I do not know the genealogy of the picture. I should fancy, however, that it is very late—the brutality of the light effects and of the modeling of the face show that it belongs to the Hals later period, when his alcoholic fervor outpaced his technic.

Franz Hals' Dutch Fishwife is numbered 65 in the catalogue. That you must see.

There is a good Jules Breton—there are a number, but this is the best—lent by Joseph C. Hoagland. It is the bust of a Brittany girl—a sad face, subtle in its comment on the toil and brutality, the disillusion and disengagement of the life of the toiling woman.

If you care for Troyon's cows, look at that huddle of cattle crouching under a wind-blown storm; it is also one of Mr. Hoagland's loans. I should like the Breton Latham A. Fish has lent to the Institute quite as well were it not for the evident marks of hasty painting—the colors are not ameliorated—there is no distance—though the effect on the sunlight filtering down through the mist on those peasant girls is beautiful as a fine line of poetry or a sudden, heroic deed.

That was a stroke of genius.

There are any number of canvases signed by Diaz, Daubigny, Corot and the like.

By the way, I once saw a bill of lading for Custom House use made out like this:

TWO DOZEN	COROTS.
\$48.30	Paid.

The best Daubigny is Mr. Hoagland's End of the Month of May, a landscape, in which the sentiment is very fine. It is a well-bred view of nature. There is just a hint of originality in it, too, notably in the use of arsenic green.

By way of contrast and comment, go and look at the Gainsborough, also in Mr. Hoagland's collection (No. 38), in which you will see the old way of painting greens on a black base and the curious Ruysdael idea of trees which got itself reproduced in the English painters of a hundred years ago. Here you have not only the trees, but the pseudo-Italian-Dutch idea of a cave, and the sweetness, elegance and feebleness of Gainsborough's children. The picture is called the Gypsy Encampment, and is a peculiarly interesting study. In its way it is a finger post on the road English painting went toward the anecdote, emphasized by a stupid use of reinforced greens.

#### Foreign Items.

**Vanderveer-Green to Africa.**—Mme. Vanderveer-Green, who missed the steamship St. Louis last Wednesday week, left for Europe on the Paris, Wednesday, June 9. She will remain in London ten days, and then goes to South Africa to fill a concert engagement for three months.

**Breitkopf & Hartel.**—Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, the music publishers, will have a booth at the exposition of the M. T. N. A., to show samples of their most important and latest publications in every line, from the smallest piece of sheet music to their big orchestra scores of Wagner, &c.

**Trouble at Reszke's Headquarters.**—On May 24 the performance of *La Somnambula* at the Imperial Theatre of Warsaw gave rise to an extraordinary scandal. After the first act the public called loudly for the *beneficiare*, Paccini. The lady appeared in company with the rest of the cast. But the audience madly called out: "Paccini alone!"

Her partner, the Italian tenor Colli, upon this flew into such a rage that he repeatedly stuck out his tongue at the public. Then began an infernal noise. Colli appeared again in the second act, and the public hissed, whistled and

stamped—it was like a scene in the Vienna Parliament—and the curtain had to be let down. The management transferred Colli's part to the tenor Molacchi. The performance went on, and the public expressed its satisfaction at the removal of Colli. Next morning Colli was dismissed and had to pay 500 francs fine.

#### London Press on Dyna Beumer.

A concert of new type and of charming character was given yesterday afternoon at Steinway Hall by Mme. Dyna Beumer, soprano vocalist to the Court of Holland, who, with a very beautiful voice, combines a highly cultivated style and a most refined taste; and she was assisted by Miss Nadia Sylva, who, it may be hoped, is English, but who in any case plays the violin with a fullness of tone and a brilliancy of execution not easy to imitate and difficult indeed to surpass. The cantabile playing of Miss Nadia Sylva suggests the performance of a finished vocalist, while the singing of Mme. Dyna Beumer is as bright, as expressive and as accurate as the playing of a perfect violinist. The concert consisted of three violin pieces and, in regular alternation, three songs. Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor opened the concert (the piano reduction of the orchestral accompaniment played by Mr. Spencer Lorraine), and this was followed by Victor Massé's elaborate variations on the *Carnival of Venice*, sung with dazzling brilliancy. Madame Beumer, for final piece, gave Eckert's *Echo Song*, singing it (especially the echo) as it was never sung in England before. The effect of the echo, produced

The Sisters, by Sir Thomas Laurence (lent by Catholina Lambert), is a weak and futile composition, the grouping of the two sisters in Laurence's feeblest manner, the color scheme very timid; but it gives you an excellent idea of what Sir Thomas did in the way of portraiture when he needed a check for £100. Leighton might have done it.

The Hogarth (No. 80), which Mrs. Catholina Lambert has lent, is far more noteworthy. It again is a piece of portraiture. But in picturing the Price Family Hogarth has done a bit of work in his grimmest manner—grim brush-work and grim realism. The superfluous note of the swans who lie idly on the water of the artificial pond is not so much discordant as British. Hogarth was distinctly a British creature—and always the British creature's idea of sentiment drifts toward swans and weeping willows. It is the peculiarity of the British creature.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst has lent to the Institute a number of pictures. One of them is a Harpignies—a gray bit of roadway, reticently painted. She exhibits also a curious little affair by Franz Lenbach, which justifies my worst antipathy to the Munich school. Merely in order that you may agree with me, I trust you will look at this Little Princess (No. 177) and note how strongly Velasquez may be strained through the indigent mind of a bona-fide Munich painter.

This is more than an historic comment on art; it is an historic reprisal.

Look at Henner's Judith (No. 251, lent by John W. Mason)—by the way, the catalogue insists on the word "loaned," which is absurd, ungrammatical and Cooper Union-ist). There is no depth of thought discernible, but the black and white effect is daringly worked out.

Of the modern men the best examples are from the brush of Boudin; I like his brush; it is knowing. There are a dozen or so of his works exhibited there, out of the collection of Henry M. Johnston. The canvas which will give you the best idea of his art (No. 384) is called *The Fort at Antibes*. It is very soft; the pale blues are exquisite in their fragility—one blue reminds one of Memling's marvelous blue, that subtle, delicate blue of old Japanese enamel—Van Dyck got it at times, though of course he had a finer coloring principle, and he gave his blues more substance.

The impression you get from this picture by Boudin is very insistent—the pallidity of the sky and the gray note carried down into the sea—blanching into pure chemical white where the fort stands out—insistent and cumulative.

In Mr. Henry T. Chapman's collection study especially Claude Lorraine's Rome—a bit faded, but very characteristic—and the Salvator Rosa landscape, particularly the painting of the water. The huge over-arching trees in this Salvator Rosa are typical of the painter—so of course they are conventional—but the management of the water and the light that scarcely flickers on it are in the way of being an inspiration. I do not think there is a Salvator Rosa in America which may be more profitably studied.

The Morning Glory, by William Etty, is also in Mr. Chapman's collection. It is a fair example. Etty always drew badly, and helped himself out of difficulties by his fine feeling for color. These nude women illustrate him.

Mr. Chapman also exhibits Sir Joshua Reynolds' Flora—which has, by the way, an interesting pedigree. Some day I may write the story of how that picture came to be in Brooklyn. It is a story I learned in my youth in London, and it is entertaining.

This Flora—there are two of them—is a queer little primping nudity; a naked girl sits with her knees cocked up, while a boy in red velvet pipes to her. The thing is not well done, but it is wonderful it was ever done at all.

I do not want to overdo the thing. Go over to Brooklyn yourself and study these pictures for yourself.

It will repay you.

Indeed I have hopes that even my editor will go some day—or at all events pay me the luncheon he owes.

V. T.

with closed mouth, is as surprising as it is beautiful.—*St. James' Gazette*, May 6, 1877.

A concert given at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour street, W., last week, served to introduce to English music lovers a singer of exceptional interest in the person of Mme. Dyna Beumer, "soprano vocalist to the Court of Holland." The lady, presumably of Dutch nationality, sang exclusively in French, choosing for her songs Victor Massé's *Variations de la Reine Topaze*, from the *Carnaval de Venise*; *Les Songes*, by Dell' Acqua, and *Les Echos*, of Eckert. All these pieces are rich in variations and will be well enjoyed by Madame Beumer's beautiful voice to be heard to great advantage. For her voice is pure, rich and flexible to a wonderful degree. Her rendering of Massé's florid variations was brilliant, and the first half in the singing was followed by a delighted burst of spontaneous applause; indeed, from the first bars the new singer's success was assured. The songs were interspersed by violin solos by Miss Nadia Sylva, who has a great command of her instrument, and whose playing was keenly appreciated by the audience, who gave a warm reception to the talented young violinist. But the event of the day was undoubtedly the delightful singing of Madame Beumer, whose rendering of the echoes in Eckert's song with closed lips was simply wonderful—the illusion was so perfect one could scarcely help doubting the evidence of ears and eyes. We welcome to our shores this gifted, cultivated and charming singer, whose style is refined and whose execution is perfect.—*St. James' Budget*.

Mme. Dyna Beumer gave a vocal recital at Steinway Hall on the 5th inst. She has a soprano of marvelous flexibility and an extensive range, and is fully master of her vocal powers. Her singing must surely please an audience who appreciated vocal virtuosity. Her rendering of Massé's arrangement of *Le Carnaval de Venise* was an astonishing feat of its kind. In吐气 she voice is of sympathetic quality. Mme. Dyna Beumer was assisted by a young violinist, Miss Nadia Sylva, who is an artist of much promise. Her tone is intense, sympathetic and pure; her technic good and her musical conception full of verve. She is evidently of the French school.—*London Musical Courier*, May 6, 1877.

# THE MUSICAL COURIER.

## ADVERTISERS IN THE MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA—EVERY SATURDAY.

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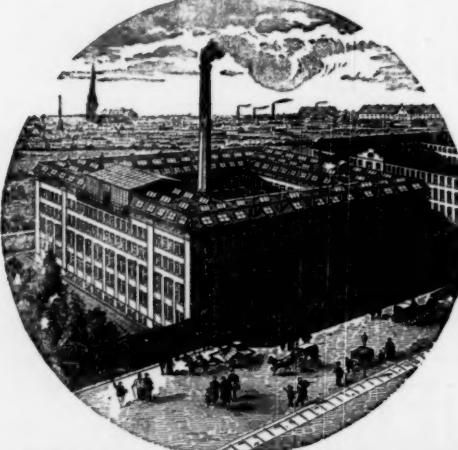
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